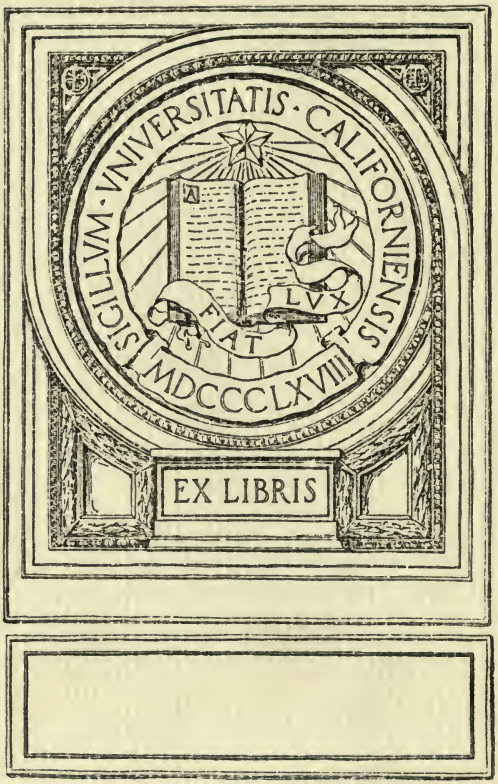
Things I Remember

SIDNEY WHITMAN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THINGS I REMEMBER

Things I Remember

The Recollections of a Political Writer in the Capitals of Europe

BY

SIDNEY WHITMAN

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TO

ANNIA

WHOSE DEVOTION TO MY CHILDREN ADDS
CHERISHED MEMORIES TO MY LIFE

S. W.

September, 1916

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EDITOR'S PREFACE

In the active sphere of life it is the personal element which tells. The man whose decisions are backed by individuality, whose actions are dictated from within rather than by external pressure, is apt to inspire confidence.

In the more passive but certainly not less important realm of writing, it is the man behind the pen who strikes the key-note. Few of us enjoy the opportunity of getting at the heart of things, but one who has been thus exceptionally favoured, and at the same time is known as a serious, discriminating writer, is entitled to expect that the product of his pen shall be worthy of attention.

Sidney Whitman has a long record of distinguished authorship and journalism to his credit, for in his case book-writing preceded journalism. A reliable memory of the important incidents and persons with whom he was brought into contact, as Special Correspondent of the *New York Herald* in various capitals of Europe, forms the main subject matter of this book. The fact

that they extend back for twenty years intensifies their interest, inasmuch as they are viewed dispassionately at a distance by an exceptionally keen observer of men and things, and thus are not without a certain historical value. These considerations seem to justify some information of a personal nature such as the author has been asked to supply in the introduction.

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THINGS I REMEMBER

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

La mémoire des hommes n'est qu'un imperceptible trait du sillon que chacun de nous laisse au sein de l'infini. Elle n'est pas cependant chose vaine.—ERNEST RENAN.

INCLINATION has made me an observer of my fellows, a recorder of the things they have said, and a student of national movement. Circumstance, rather than any strong wish of my own, has brought me into contact with some remarkable men on the Continent and at home. Leisure and, finally, journalism have caused me to travel much in foreign countries.

I have roamed through Germany, Austria, Italy, Norway, Turkey, Russia and parts of Asia—on several occasions at critical moments when history was in the making. The contents of this volume are more especially concerned with my experiences as a journalist, most of which were gained as special correspondent of the *New York Herald* in London and elsewhere.

My entry into the ranks of journalism was due to a suggestion made by Count Herbert Bismarck

to Mr. James Gordon Bennett, the proprietor of the *New York Herald*. If I revert to it again it is because the circumstances were somewhat exceptional, and certainly throw a suggestive light on the relative possibilities of book authorship and journalism. I had already contributed to some of the leading periodicals of England, the Continent and the United States, besides being the author of several books on political subjects, every one of which had been translated into another language. Three of them had found a place in the Tauchnitz edition of British Authors. Yet, even with this record, as I was destined to find out, it was by no means clear that I should be able to earn a modest livelihood as a journalist.

About Christmas, 1894, Mr. Bennett invited me to come to Paris to see him. He suggested that I should begin my duties by writing short leading articles—so-called editorials—and post them on for his approval direct to his private address. I did this every day for several weeks without receiving any notification whether my work was satisfactory, let alone whether it had appeared in the Paris edition of the paper. Depressed and discouraged, I wrote to Mr. Bennett offering to relinquish my task. Fortunately, as it turned out, I kept my letter back overnight, and the very next morning's post brought me a note from him informing me that he was well pleased with the last communication he had received from me, in which, as a final

attempt, I had enclosed three separate editorials knocked off at a sitting. Mr. Bennett added that I would find them all three printed together in that day's number of the *Herald*, and instructed me to continue on those lines and supply an editorial every day, Sunday included. I was to deliver my work to the *Herald* office in Fleet Street every evening, to be sent over by wire to Paris. This I did for several months without once missing a single day.

In course of time my duties extended in various directions. I would receive telegrams from Mr. Bennett instructing me to attend to all sorts of journalistic work : interviewing eminent politicians, foreign diplomats, princes of the Church, chancellors, lord chief justices, cranks, faddists, inventors, doctors, savants, actresses, City magnates ; besides calling regularly at the Foreign Office in quest of any exceptional item of news, I now and then had to attend the Law Courts. It even fell to my lot to write a descriptive article on the Australian convict ship, *The Success*, which was lying in the Thames. Thus my contributions to the *Herald*, portions of which were cabled direct to New York from the London office, finally reached an average of about ten columns of matter a week. There was only one speciality to which I was not expected to attend. This was the various cat shows and dog shows of the London season, in which Mr. Bennett always evinced a strong interest. An expert was always requisitioned to deal with these.

As representative of a paper so widely known, every door seemed to stand open to one who held a key of the temple of the great god Publicity. I was met with courtesy everywhere; in some places even with cordiality and kindness, which subsequently ripened into personal friendship. The attitude of condescension, so marked a feature of our conventional conditions of life, was never once adopted towards the representative of the *Herald*, whose personal status seemed to be enhanced by the assumption that he was an American. For the English and the Germans are, strange to say, the only people I have met who seem to feel less sympathetically towards those of their own nationality than they do towards aliens, particularly when the latter are able to put forth some tinsel claim to their regard.

As I look back on many of my experiences I recall little more tangible than the passing of sundry groups of marionettes, which were bowed down to during their short stay as they danced through life, and which have since dropped through the trap-door of death into oblivion. The ephemeral necessarily plays a great part in the life of the newspaper man. He comes into contact with much that is interesting for no more than the day which is the life of his paper; but he touches life in its every aspect, and in these pages I endeavour to set down some experiences of my own which have more than transitory value in their bearing on men and things, and, if I may

venture to say so, should form a modest contribution to the tragi-comedy of our time.

It falls to the journalist, as perhaps to no other professional man, to observe and ultimately to shape and influence public opinion. A great thinker has defined the newspaper as the " seconds hand " of history, though he is careful to add that it does not always mark correct time, and in its efforts to be emphatic is liable to exaggeration. Verily the influence of a single journalist may prove to be greater than that of a whole generation of routine-drilled diplomats. Instances which bear out that opinion belong to the current history of journalism. Such a power implies a grave responsibility on the part of those who wield it. They should work in the spirit of Terence— " Homo sum et nihil humani a me alienum puto."

CHAPTER II

SOME NOTABILITIES

My journalistic work brought me into frequent contact with Sir Charles Dilke, whose personal acquaintance, however, I had made some years previously.

I used to see him comparatively often, either at his house in Sloane Street, or he would drive with me from his house in his brougham to the House of Commons, for he was always ready to be interviewed and to give his views on current events. Indeed, I have only met one man so willing to talk on the subjects which interested him. This was a German prince, a member of the Reichstag, who on one occasion (1896), having caught me in his toils in that building, took me to a private room, and locked the door behind us, so as to make sure that we should not be disturbed whilst he gave me his views on the Universe, with Berlin as its driving centre.

Few, if any, of the men whom I have met in a long contact with leaders of public thought combined, as did Sir Charles Dilke, encyclopædic knowledge with a very high development of balanced individual judgment. He had travelled

far, and with a set purpose. He was familiar with out-of-the-way corners of the Empire; his acquaintance with Continental politics and with the men who moulded them was close and accurate. He had read deeply, and in more languages than his own. He was cosmopolitan in knowledge while intensely English at heart. In his book, "Greater Britain," he advocated that closer union of all the parts of the Empire which has become a practical question in the realms of statesmanship, mainly in consequence of the outpouring of the blood of the daughter-peoples which has been so terrible a feature of the world struggle precipitated in 1914. Dilke was no ordinary visionary. His dreams were based upon practical acquaintance with the great issues that move peoples. Long before the *Entente* between England and France had come into the range of politics he was the warm supporter of such an understanding between the two nations.

With all the attraction that he found in political matters—which enabled one to talk to him about Continental movements as one would with a statesman actually immersed in them from day to day—he found time for literary pursuits, as well as for those sports by which he kept his strong, lithe frame in the pink of condition. Of the poet Keats he made in particular a study, and possessed a fine collection of both manuscripts and rare editions of the works of that genius.

Athletics were to him at once a hobby and the means of keeping himself in perfect training. He boxed, he rode, he fenced—indeed, in his younger days he was one of the few Englishmen who had any real knowledge of the foil and *épée*. Perhaps his love of rowing remained with him the longest, and when comparatively well advanced in years he would go for long pulls on the river—not the idle and pleasurable sculling of the average frequenter of the Thames, but real work at speed in an outrigger. More than once I suggested to him that he should be careful—that, powerful as he was, rowing when past the prime of life involved a great strain on the heart. He would make light of such talk; but, for a man of his remarkable physique, he did not live to a great age.

To myself Sir Charles Dilke proved an educator. My friendship with James Anthony Froude had been the means of correcting many surface impressions I had obtained as to the real value and significance of prominent men and movements, but the frank conversation of Sir Charles Dilke carried the process a step farther. Approaching him as one whose long residence on the Continent had prevented me from keeping in touch with intellectual movements at home, I questioned him as to the current estimates of this scholar, that writer, or a particular statesman. No man could have been kinder or more stimulating in his replies. Some of the views expressed

Photo : Dickinson.

SIR CHARLES DILKE

Photo: Elliott & Fry.

MR. HENRY LABOUCHERE

during these conversations were startling enough, but I had good reason to feel grateful for the help his singularly lucid mind afforded me. He taught me, above all else, to be shy of accepting prevailing estimates of men, to examine for myself, to trust the eyes with which Nature had endowed me, and to form my own independent judgments rather than accept the opinions of others at second hand.

One personal instance of his kindness of heart comes to me in connection with literary criticisms in the Press. When I told him that the *Athenæum* had attacked a book of mine, and had declared that I knew nothing authentic about my subject, whereas some high authorities in the country I had dealt with thought otherwise, he smiled good-naturedly and suggested that when I had written another book I should send a review copy direct to him. He would see that I received fair treatment at the hands of the literary organ of which he was part proprietor. I did not take advantage of his kind suggestion, but nevertheless bear it in grateful memory.

While ready, and even eager, to talk at any time on politics and literature, Sir Charles Dilke impressed me as a man of naturally reserved disposition. Yet he certainly possessed the gift of attracting the admiration and attachment of those who were about him. The devotion of Lady Dilke to her husband was apparent to even the casual visitor to the house, shown as it was in the

keen interest with which she followed his conversation. Her pride in his intellectual grasp, her frank belief in the universality of his knowledge, were obvious, and the more noticeable as she was herself a woman of far more than average capacity and a figure in many social movements. Her help and sympathy must have been of the utmost value to Sir Charles in the dark years through which he had to pass, and during which he experienced all the fickleness of public favour. That trial softened and chastened his character and made him more tolerant and more sympathetic. It gave him, too, abundant leisure for the pursuit of those branches of knowledge which he cultivated and brought him back to public life with ripened judgment and wider experience. The tragedy of his last years was that, although he stood head and shoulders above the average member of Parliament in his familiarity with almost every question of the day, he was shut out from much effective work which might have been of vast value to the commonweal.

Cardinal Vaughan, Archbishop of Westminster, was another of the eminent and sympathetic men with whom journalism brought me into contact. The late Mr. Kegan Paul—a fervent Roman Catholic—gave me an introduction to him when I sought to interview His Eminence. The reception I met with was of so sympathetic a nature that I never missed an opportunity, when distin-

guished Roman Catholics of my acquaintance came to London, of taking them to pay their respects to the Cardinal; an attention which some might have deemed an intrusion, but which afforded him pleasure. In the atmosphere of haste and hurry which pervades our everyday life it was a revelation to witness the feeling of homage and veneration which this stately Prince of the Church inspired in one and all.

One morning I arrived at Carlisle Place with a foreign lady whose visit I had previously announced to His Eminence by letter. In mounting the staircase to the throne room I noticed the Cardinal coming downstairs, and drew aside, without addressing him, so as to let him pass. When, shortly afterwards, our arrival had been formally announced to him, he entered the room and came toward us, holding out his hand with a kindly smile, saying: "Mr. Whitman, didn't I pass you on the staircase? Why didn't you speak to me?" "I did not venture to waylay your Eminence." "Oh, nonsense!" he replied, and added the following characteristic instruction: "If you wish to see me before nine o'clock in the morning, there is no need for you to let me know in advance, as I am sure to be here and shall always be pleased to receive you. If, however, you intend to come after that hour, you had better send me a line the day before, so that I need not keep you waiting."

This little trait seems to me to be of some significance in explaining the strong personal hold which many high Roman Catholic dignitaries retain over their followers—a human tie of sympathy from which much might be learned by others, even by those among us who are in the habit of going to church.

I had seen Cardinal Vaughan some years previously at a reception in the Foreign Office, and as he moved among the immense throng he struck me as one of the most distinguished-looking of a company which included members of the Royal Family. His noble countenance, when smiling, shone with that radiance which is only given to those endowed with what one of the hardest of thinkers has pronounced to be more worthy of reverence than the highest gifts of the intellect—the greatness of a human heart. Benevolence beamed in his face. The whole personality of this aristocratic Englishman revealed the influence of Southern skies—of that Italy, with its history of two thousand years, which makes it possible for a Pope to hail from a peasant's hut and yet to retain more than the dignity of a monarch in his bearing—more human simplicity than is occasionally seen in a whole gathering of philosophers, theologians and professors.

I was also brought into relations with the Chinese Minister in London in connection with

some sensational report of missionary trouble in China. It was my first contact with anybody of Chinese race or nationality, and His Excellency, who rejoiced in the name of Kung, remains in my memory as one of the most refined and most kindly disposed men it has been my privilege to meet. Altogether, the demeanour of the staff of the Legation, and of everyone connected with the Chinese Embassy, raised an awful suspicion in my mind whether, after all, it was possible that some of our current notions with regard to the Chinese, as well as to sundry other distant nationalities and races, might not occasionally lean toward what Herbert Spencer terms "patriotic bias," not to say downright ignorance and prejudice.

All I did was to call several times at the Legation in Portland Place, and take down notes of what I was told in connection with this missionary matter and send it on to the *New York Herald* office. Yet it was as if I had rendered China some signal service for which the Legation could not show sufficient appreciation. His Excellency sent my wife some exquisite tea, and, not content with this attention, one Sunday afternoon he called on us with several gentlemen of his suite, and took tea in the garden of our modest little house in Kensington: the neighbours all agog at the unusual sight of two "ambassadorial" carriages waiting by the hour in that not ultra-fashionable part of the metro-

polis. His Excellency subsequently presented us with a large coloured photograph of his wife and family, on the margin of which he had written an inscription in Chinese characters, to which one of the staff of the Legation had added a French translation.

The following is a verbal rendering of its contents in English :

"This family photograph arrived at the beginning of the summer, together with a letter from my family, which resides at Yang-Tchean. My eldest son was at Shanghai at the time, and the younger was retained at Peking for his examination at the Academy des Belles Lettres. Consequently, neither they nor my two daughters-in-law figure in the group.

"The children who are grouped round my wife are my two grandsons and my two granddaughters.

"Last year, by order of my august Sovereign, I was sent to Europe with the qualifications of Minister Plenipotentiary. When I arrived in Paris a telegram informed me of the happy birth of my second grandson. Reckoning the time which has passed since, he must be now exactly one year old. He is seen on the picture in the arms of his grandmother. During my stay in Europe, at this great distance from my native land, I cannot help from time to time thinking affectionately of my dear children. As my friends,

Mr. and Mrs. Whitman, admired the photograph, I have great pleasure in offering them a copy.

"KUNG.

"*The Imperial Chinese Legation,*
"*London, W.*

"*In the intercalary Moon of the 21st year of the reign of Konang-Su (July, 1895).*"

The death of Sir John Everett Millais, the President of the Royal Academy, was immediately followed by an outburst in the Press depreciating the artistic value of his work. There was nothing unfamiliar in such manifestation. Few of the great art reputations made in the Victorian era have survived, and the successive passing of men who had held their places on the line in the Royal Academy was in almost every case attended by scathing criticism of work once accounted worthy. The exceptions were those of men whose fame had gone down in darkness and eclipse long before they had ceased to paint. New ideas were astir in the art world. New schools were being created, all differing in themselves, but all alike in challenging the art which had won academic distinction. Such a phenomenon is familiar enough to students of history as foreshadowing some upheaval in human affairs. But the case of Sir John Millais presented exceptional features. We may find its parallel in the period immediately preceding the French Revolution. The funeral of Voltaire was attended by wonderful demonstra-

tions of respect and grief, but from that day France and the world began to neglect his memory.

Millais was accused of having held his talent at the bidding of anybody who cared to pay for his work. The chief instance cited against him was that of supplying a soap-maker with a picture which had been reproduced as an oleograph, and thus vulgarised for purposes of advertisement. The fact was apparently lost sight of that in this particular instance the work of Millais' genius was brought within the ken of the million, and the fine reproductions of his picture did more to familiarise the people with the beautiful than the contents of many private picture galleries never open to public inspection. Millais himself, with his strong common sense, was alive to this side of the question, as shown by letters since made public. If there be cause for criticism in what he did, it is passing strange that it did not occur to Millais' critics to divide the blame or censure between him and the spirit of an age which was largely responsible for the state of things amid which he plied, what he himself might have termed, his trade. For in one of his last letters written to a friend of mine he complained bitterly "that business was bad." The idea that a successful man of genius should have applied such a phrase to his exalted profession is not without a touch of tragedy. But it was Millais' fate in after life to have to pander to the taste

of a society which had largely lost the feeling for art which had distinguished the generations that patronised Holbein, Van Dyck, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and other masters of the brush whose work lives in our chief private and public collections. To Van Dyck the Stuarts owe whatever of them is immortal, but in the age in which Millais lived the Royal Family was finding its Court painters in foreigners, to the neglect of native genius. Millais, moreover, was the victim of a society which insisted that the painters whom it favoured should live an expensive life in a fashionable neighbourhood on pain of forfeiting recognition and patronage. In such circumstances high art does not flourish. The strivings of genius have to be restrained by the necessity of earning a big income.

Commissioned to obtain the opinion of leading English artists on the matter, I called upon Sir Edward Burne-Jones at his studio in West Kensington. Admittedly one of the greatest of English artists of the Victorian era, imbued with a sincerity of purpose which bade him decline every temptation to swerve from his ideals, his opinion on such a point was likely to be at once unbiased and frank. I had reached the significance of Sir Edward Burne-Jones's work from the talk of my friend, Franz von Lenbach, when on a visit to me in London. To his kindness I owe whatever little understanding I may possess of pictorial art. Lenbach had said to me: "Burne-

Jones is pre-eminent among living artists for the sincerity of his artistic creed and the great talent with which he has realised his ideal. You should seek his acquaintance, and profit by it." Thus I was delighted with this opportunity of meeting and conversing with one in whose marked features and deep-set blue eyes were reflected the full earnestness and spirituality which one found in his pictures.

His reply to the question what he thought of this controversy was characteristic of the man and not without significance in its bearing on the period : " Millais was a dear friend of mine, whose lovable disposition endeared him to everybody and whose genius was beyond dispute. I have always felt the greatest admiration for him as an artist and as a man. What people may write about him in the newspapers does not interest me, for when I tell you that during the last thirty years I have not read a single line of what they may have said about myself, I am sure you will not think it strange that I have omitted to take notice of what they have to cavil about in my poor friend." I sent this short communication to the *Herald*, with a brief description of my visit and the impression which the distinguished painter and his surroundings had made on me, and I also sent a copy of the paper to him with my compliments. A few days later I ran up against Sir Edward, by chance, at Hyde Park Corner. He thanked me for the paper, and expressed his

satisfaction with what it contained. Encouraged by his kindly manner, I asked him whether I might venture to send a photograph of himself for his signature, a request which he immediately granted. Alas! within a few days he passed away. Shortly afterwards I was agreeably surprised by the receipt of a letter from his son, Sir Philip Burne-Jones, returning the photograph which his father had signed before his death.

I owe it to the kindness of the late Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower that I was able to make the acquaintance of the last of the great English painters of the Victorian era, Mr. G. F. Watts, to whose studio in Melbury Road he took me one afternoon. Although nearly eighty years of age, he was still hard at work, and at that particular moment was busy on the model of his well-known colossal equestrian statue, "Physical Energy," which was set up in a special room adjoining his studio, and is now to be seen in Kensington Gardens.

He, too, was a man of singular refinement, simplicity and charm of manner, and I still hold among my pleasant memories an occasion which also gave me the acquaintance of his charming wife and of Madame Albani, the famous singer, who took tea with us.

CHAPTER III

"NOBLESSE OBLIGE"

FRIENDLY intercourse with Sir Charles Dilke had been fraught with instruction to the mind; the acquaintance with Cardinal Vaughan and the Chinese Minister had quickened the sense of the value of human sympathy. In Sir Edward Burne-Jones I had occasion to admire the sincerity of a great artist, whilst my relations with Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower were scarcely less stimulating. They afforded me an insight into the world of appearances, if only by enabling me to mark the contrast between the surface and the solid, the genuine and the pastiche, the conventional and the make-believe. And this should not be rated lightly, for we have it on the authority of one of the greatest thinkers that a large proportion of mankind is dominated by appearances. Thus, whereas the most important assets of a man must naturally consist, firstly, in what he *is*—in personality, in health, strength, physical advantages, temperamental disposition, moral character, and the cultivated heart and mind; secondly, in what he is entitled to call his own in the way of

portable property and worldly possessions generally—the one aim in life of many of us would seem, alas! to be focused upon what we appear to be in the eyes of our fellow-men: on titular distinctions, dress, every kind of appurtenances, trappings and stage properties; in other words, on *appearances*. To these they are capable of sacrificing almost everything else.

The circumstances to which I owe my enlightening experiences in these matters, and all the pleasant recollections subsequently connected therewith, strike me to-day as being of fuller import than I realised at the time.

An article had appeared in *The Tailor and Cutter* discussing the question whether the tall, cylindrical silk hat was to maintain its aristocratic status, or whether the bowler, the deerstalker or "billycock" was to be allowed to compete with it and—oh, sacrilege!—perhaps to supersede it! Letters had appeared in the papers ventilating the various views, and a clear line of division could be traced between the writers. The Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward VII., as the supreme arbiter of fashion, backed by the sworn allegiance of all the leading hatters of the West End, was reported to be in favour of the retention of the silk hat as the head-covering *de rigueur;* whereas Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower had written to the papers in favour of its supersession by the "bowler," and he, it was said, could reckon on the support of the artistic, dramatic and Bohemian

fraternity generally. The matter had gone beyond purely insular dimensions. Cable messages from New York had come to the *Herald* that the tremor of impending revolutionary change had caused a commotion among the hatters' fraternity in Broadway. It is almost imperative to throw our thoughts back and take a sweeping retrospective view of certain mental and social conditions prevailing among us in the latter Victorian era in order to grasp the serious nature of the situation created by the raising of this important question.

As Correspondent of the *Herald*, I received instructions to report on the matter forthwith, and, as is the rule with that broad-minded paper, to give both sides the fullest possible hearing. This I proceeded to do, with the result that I gained an extensive knowledge of hat lore and one of the most delightful of men as a personal friend. As a preliminary I interviewed the head of the renowned Piccadilly firm of Lincoln and Bennett, and then the chief of the still more famous house of Locke, in St. James's Street, from which, as I was proudly informed, the former was a mere belated offshoot. But the key of the situation was to obtain the views of the august leaders of the movement for the *Herald*. Not venturing to intrude upon Marlborough House, I called upon Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower, was received in the most courteous manner possible, and I gave the *Herald* the full

benefit of it all. His Lordship was amiability itself, but adamantine in his championship of the bowler, although, as he told me, the Prince of Wales was strong and persistent in his likes and dislikes, and would not brook or easily forgive opposition on a matter so near his heart as supreme arbiter of fashion of the Anglo-Saxon race throughout the world.

It is one of the valuable traditions of the British aristocracy, of which they have every reason to be proud, that their privileged status was not built up, as is the case in some other countries, upon the oppression, the degradation, the trespassing upon the liberty of their fellow men. This is one of the causes of the survival of the great social prestige they enjoy in England even in our present democratic age; whereas the nobles have lost both caste and influence in some countries, have been extinguished by legal enactment in others (Norway and Roumania), and have never been allowed to come into being in the United States or in any country of the vast South American continent.

The spirit of the great English houses to which, in the first instance, England owes her charter of liberty is far from extinct, as we are all witnessing in the present war. But even in this hat controversy, now twenty years old, there could be no mistaking its genuine intensity. At the price of personal antagonism to the august heir to the throne, the scion of the

Sutherland Gowers stood firm on this question and was prepared to take the consequences—social boycott on the part of Royalty. Here, as on many previous occasions, individual members of celebrated historical families were to be seen on the popular side. For behind it all there was an element of class feeling, the bowler standing for democracy. John Burns had only recently introduced it into the sacred precincts of St. Stephen's—whereas the silk hat might well be identified with Cavalier Stuart traditions. The battle raged fiercely for a time, and then died away. Lord Ronald Gower is, alas! no longer with us, but his cause has triumphed, as anybody can convince himself who strolls into the Park, and sees King George taking his morning ride, lifting his billycock hat in response to his people's greeting.

Lord Ronald's efforts to liberate the insular mind from some of its conventional shackles were not restricted to a crusade against the tyranny of the silk hat. They also embraced a protest against that most absurd of anomalies—the diminutive size of the gentleman's visiting card: scarcely exceeding that of a bill stamp. It required a certain amount of courage to take the iconoclastic step, but he took it. Lord Ronald rejected the gentleman's visiting card, and boldly adopted the more generous dimensions in use by ladies. Who that has witnessed the pitiful attempts made to scribble anything legible on a

gentleman's visiting card left at a friend's house, but must appreciate the practical advantage of this simple but hitherto tabooed departure from custom?

Coming from surroundings in which conventionalities had almost run to seed in their abject deference to the make-believes of life, it was stimulating to the mind, as a sea breeze to the body, to be brought into frequent and close contact with one imbued with a very different order of ideas, feelings and impulses. Here, for once in a while, was unfettered spontaneity in one who could afford to let himself be seen as he really was. And it was a pleasant, I might almost call it a beautiful, experience. For everything that surrounded Lord Ronald was intrinsic, genuine, and much of it beautiful. On the walls loomed the portraits of the lovely, aristocratic women who were his relations—the Duchesses of Leinster, Westminster and many others; strewn about the rooms were many tasteful mementoes, costly family heirlooms among them, priceless miniatures, jewelled tabatières, small bronze casts of his own sculptural work. Everything possessed a personal interest and was genuine. The walls of the billiard room were covered with choice work of the old Italian masters. Here, for once in a while, was a man evidently brought up from the cradle to see and appreciate that which was genuine and good. The members of his own family and relatives are famous for their aristo-

cratic charm of features. His own mother, the famous Duchess of Sutherland—whose majestic figure standing behind the Queen had impressed me as a boy at Madame Tussaud's waxworks—was reputed to be one of the most beautiful women of her time. But not only could Lord Ronald boast of Her Majesty's intimate friendship with his mother, but the Queen had been reported to declare that Stafford House was more of a palace than her own royal residence. Down to the time I made Lord Ronald's acquaintance the aged Queen would still write to the son of her friend as "My dear Ronny." His family is related to many of the greatest names in the peerage. Here at least was the genuine article: a born aristocrat, with many of the advantages of rank and physical distinction, and in addition a huge chunk of kindly, unspoilt human nature thrown in, a very unusual combination of Fortune's favour. For let there be no mistake, although the lackey may bow down to the trappings of rank and the Socialist may deny the attributes of birth, there are things which cannot be fashioned in a mould or struck off by a die, but to which the Latin axiom applies: "Nascitur non fit"; and it takes a number of generations to bring them forth. A people can elect a king, and a king can make a titular noble, but even he cannot create those qualities of heart, mind and body which mark the real aristocrat among men and women, though some of them may be found

in a cottage; as old Kruger proudly implied when he retorted to a snob who had pointed out someone to him as being the son of a duke: "Tell him my father was a shepherd." "I can make you a king," said Napoleon to one of his rowdy marshals, "but I cannot make you a gentleman." Nor is the physical side of our nature one to be lost sight of in this connection, as was once brought home to me many years ago. A nobleman, in showing me over his family portrait gallery, stopped short at the picture of an ugly old woman. "You see that face," he said. "Well, one of my ancestors married her for her money, and we have never been able to get her ugly mouth out of the family. Even I am still cursed with the trace of it, though it was so long ago."

Being a hard worker himself, for he was incessantly occupied either in writing books or with sculpture—his Shakespeare Memorial is to be seen at Stratford-on-Avon—Lord Ronald's generous nature impelled him to take an interest in whosoever had distinguished himself by doing something, though here, perhaps, his impulsive generosity occasionally got the better of him and would lead him to overestimate the value of that which might be the outcome of mere cleverness. I remember his telegraphing to me one day to come to his house to meet a foreign gentleman whose main qualification was, as far as I could make out, that he spoke fluent English. This

gave me an opportunity of assuring his Lordship that I should always be delighted to come to see him at his pleasure, but there was never any necessity for him to hold out the meeting of other people as an extra inducement. This, however, was a trivial and quite exceptional case. Lord Ronald's leanings, in the main, were of a far deeper and more sterling nature. He was particularly attracted toward those who were doing good work for the benefit of their fellowmen. Thus one of his most intimate friends—one whom ever since I have been privileged to claim as one of my own—was the Rev. Sydney Propert, a splendid representative of that honest type of muscular Christianity which the Church of England has brought forth of late, bent upon combating the worship of show and sham appearances—determined to lead a life of example as well as of precept. From his little home in the Lillie Road, Fulham, in which district he has long exercised a powerful moral ascendancy among its denizens, Mr. Propert could be seen of a Saturday evening, arrayed in his vestments, holding service from an improvised pulpit in the street, with a large crowd of attentive and reverent listeners. In this strong clergyman's friendship Lord Ronald was destined to find solace for some bitter disappointments he met with in other directions.

In his own household Lord Ronald endeavoured to lessen the chilling *gêne* of distance between

master and servant which characterises our social conditions as with a heart-sterilising blight, and which finds no precedent among the original prescriptions of Christianity. Even down to the present day it is not to be met with in the East, either in Turkey or, strange to say, in that other home of autocracy, Russia. Lord Ronald treated his servants with affability; he took a personal interest in their concerns such as would have been considered misplaced and unseemly by Gorgias Midas. His valet had a turn for painting, which His Lordship encouraged, and even had special hours set apart for his studies. One of this man's oils was hung in his master's dining-room.

In one thus singularly endowed with kindliness and goodwill to all around him, imbued with the desire to further whatever might be commendable in his eyes, I had no reason to be surprised that in his dealings with everybody else his one wish seemed to be of service, to do a kind act. Thus, when he heard that I was going abroad, he volunteered to give me introductions broadcast. He gave me one to the Duke of Westminster, who, having heard that the *Herald* was defending the Turks, refused to see me. "Oh, he is a crank!" said Lord Ronald. The blasphemous notion that an English duke, one who was in a position to sign cheques from morning till night without depleting his balance at the bank, might also be a crank, was one I had never heard before, and possessed the piquancy of

novelty. In fact, there seemed to be no limit to the kindly feeling of Lord Ronald. He asked me to come to breakfast with him at nine o'clock one morning—oh, unconventional, unearthly hour!—to meet his great friend the Marquis of Lorne. Nor should I omit another trifling incident, because it recalls the inner nature of the man. He took me one morning to Stafford House and showed me the room which had once been his nursery as a child. Finally, he made me the spontaneous offer to take me to a Levee. I had heard that strangers had been known to come to London, to take expensive houses in the most fashionable parts, and spend money lavishly in entertaining their friends, for the sole purpose of achieving that which Lord Ronald offered me, a mere newspaper man, for nothing—to be received by the Prince of Wales! When I recovered from my surprise it occurred to me that, as in the case of Lord Beaconsfield and his peerage, I might, perhaps, have enjoyed the honour before if I had run after it; but now that it was offered by the son of a duke, the uncle, brother-in-law and cousin of half a dozen other dukes, to have declined might have savoured of that mock modesty which is one of the most insidious forms of conceit. Thus I accepted. Fortunately, a little circumstance, conveying a useful lesson in the ways of the world, made the occasion one to be gratefully remembered into the bargain. On entering the Throne Room,

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Photo: A. Liebert.

HIS EXCELLENCY KUNG

Chinese Ambassador in London

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

and being ushered into "the presence"—where sat the Prince of Wales, with Lord Wolseley standing close by his side in full Field-Marshal's rig—what was my amazement to behold His Royal Highness step down from the throne and shake hands effusively with Lord Ronald Gower, whilst only a distant condescending bow was vouchsafed to all the others passing through, among whom were judges learned in law, men who had served their country in every sphere of life. Here was a lesson indeed! The man who had dared to oppose, if not to affront, the Royal and Imperial Arbiter of Clothes of the entire Anglo-Saxon race was forgiven and treated with cordiality as a friend, whilst faithful lieges who had never done anything to offend were curtly dismissed. Well may the proverb say that "it is not well to eat cherries with the great of the earth," and to mix up in their quarrels is a pastime which is only too likely to revenge itself upon our poor deluded heads. An even greater surprise was vouchsafed to me in this connection, for some days afterwards when the list of those present at the Levee was printed in the *Morning Post*, I found that the fact that my name had appeared among them had conferred a greater distinction upon me in the eyes of my connections and friends, among whom were a sprinkling of parsons, than twenty years of not unsuccessful literary activity.

Alas! how futile may be the efforts of an individual, however well intentioned, to steer clear

of the many deceptions and disappointments which await the unwary in their indiscriminate efforts to follow the bent of a generous nature. Some time after the incident above referred to, Lord Ronald left London and went to live at Penshurst, near Tunbridge Wells, where he had taken the picturesque country house, with its beautiful grounds adjoining, which had once belonged to Nasmyth, the famous engineer. When I visited him there I happened to mention that I had seen his valet walking along the streets in Kensington, and I asked whether the man had left his service. "Yes," he replied, "when I was about to take this place I was faced with the alternative whether I should do so or keep him on as my valet. I couldn't afford the two luxuries, and so I discharged him."

It is sad to think that a life started under such golden auspices should have been clouded at its close. Lord Ronald was not endowed with that discernment which those must possess who are launched into the world to fight their way without favour. It was never his lot to pass through the apprenticeship of business and arm himself against its pitfalls. His artistic nature did not include the endowment of that stern perspicacity of reading character which is always an important item of aristocratic strength. This was denied him, and the lack of it embittered the last years of one who had ever acted up to the motto of his caste: "Noblesse oblige."

CHAPTER IV

VIENNA

THE year 1897 marked the apogee of my journalistic experiences—at least in the matter of locomotion. It saw me in succession in Munich, Vienna, Salonica, Elassona, Constantinople, Bucharest, Budapest, Munich, London (the Queen's Jubilee), Marienbad, Venice, London, Paris, Vienna, Constantinople, and Armenia. A record of mileage which should fairly entitle a man to take rank as a peripatetic reveller with that spoilt child of journalism, the Imperial War Lord!

Early in January I received Mr. Bennett's instructions to run over to Munich, and await further orders there. Shortly after my arrival came a telegram from him asking me whether I thought that I might succeed in interviewing Count Goluchowski on the European situation if I went to Vienna for the purpose. I replied that I did not think it at all likely the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister would consent to be interviewed on such a topic. Thereupon another telegram arrived to the effect that if I tried my best, Mr. Bennett felt convinced I would succeed; and he

instructed me to proceed to Vienna forthwith. This second telegram was brought to me whilst I was at dinner in the house of my friend Lenbach, the painter. "What does Bennett want of you?" he asked in his blunt way, seeing that I was preoccupied; and I told him. Lenbach made light of the matter and said he would give me a letter of introduction to Count Johann Wilczek, an Austrian grand seigneur who had been a Polar explorer in his young days, and was one of the most popular men in Vienna.

On my arrival in Vienna I delivered my letter. "If that is all you require," said the Count, "you can look upon it as settled, and I am very pleased to be of service to you."

"I am afraid Your Excellency is too sanguine as to the feasibility of the case," I rejoined. "I have met a number of distinguished men in my time, and have no reason to doubt that Count Goluchowski would receive me as a private individual, if properly introduced; but as the representative of a newspaper—that, I am afraid, is a very different matter."

And so, indeed, it turned out. After several days had elapsed, I received a short note from Count Wilczek expressing his regret that his efforts on my behalf had been fruitless. I was thus left with nothing whatever to do, and given from morning to night to do it in. My instructions were to remain in Vienna for the present, doing nothing. It could scarcely be called

"something to do" to call daily at the Foreign Office in the Ball Platz, and ask for news from the lips of its presiding spirit, Sektionschef, Hof and Ministerialrath Ludwig von Doczi. Though a little man, he was a remarkable personage in his way, quite a Vienna celebrity, and strongly typical of Austrian bureaucratic life in those days. Originally a Hungarian journalist of Jewish parentage, Doczi had worked his way up by sheer ability to a prominent position until he became the official intermediary and speaking-tube of Count Goluchowski and was ennobled. He was, besides, the author of a number of plays, and had translated Goethe's "Faust" into the Hungarian language. Doczi's name was one to conjure with in Vienna, for when a question involving matters of literature and æsthetic taste rose, it would provoke the query: "What does Doczi think of it? Have you seen Doczi?" Alas, with him as with many Austrian celebrities, his reputation does not extend beyond the borders of the Dual Monarchy.

Vienna has always enjoyed the reputation of being one of the most charming cities of the world. It undoubtedly is delightfully situated, and for the pleasure-seeker an ideal resort. But it is scarcely a congenial abode for any length of time for one with whom strenuous work has become the habit of a lifetime. And, surely enough, this was the only period in my life when I suffered from insomnia. It was produced by idleness! I

used to get up at five in the morning, and sally forth to one of the cafés opposite the Opera, where wastrels returned from the carnival carouses and other early birds would take their breakfast reading their intellectual bible, the *Neue Freie Presse*. Looking back, I cannot but think that it must have been a sentiment of pity on the part of Mr. Bennett which induced him to send a delightful young Englishman to Vienna to keep me company in my "do nothingness." He arrived one fine morning, with an elaborate wardrobe, an "Almanach de Gotha," a peerage, a counts' and a baronial directory. He said he had been told that unless he knew these standard works of reference by heart, it was hopeless for him to attempt to make his way in Viennese society. He also brought a letter of introduction to the British Ambassador, the late Sir Horace Rumbold. The letter was from Count Festetics to "My dear Horace," warmly recommending this young recruit to journalism. Alas! the letter was in vain; "My dear Horace" declined to befriend a man who was only assistant correspondent of an American paper.

My young friend aided me manfully in the practice of the art of killing time. He would get up about midday, and in the course of his apprenticeship endeavoured to "qualify" himself by obtaining familiarity with Austrian affairs. This he would do by submitting his head to the operations of the hotel hairdresser, and discussing

current events with him, a function he took very seriously. He then adjourned for breakfast to a café, and read the last numbers of the *Temps* and the *Figaro*. In the afternoon I instructed him to call at the Foreign Office, as I had become very tired of trying to make bricks without straw.

It added to my mental depression that at that particular time I possessed sundry august—what a certain Archbishop might have termed "sacred" —memories of Vienna and exalted Viennese of other days. They rose unbidden, and as mementoes of conditions never likely to return may be briefly referred to here. As a young man I had known Count Beust, the Chancellor of the Austrian Empire, and had been his guest. I had been admitted into the exclusive family circle of this proudest nobility in the world. On one occasion I had been invited *en tout petit comité de famille* to meet that imperious idol of the Viennese, the famous Princess Pauline Metternich, and asked to accompany her on the piano when she sang one of those naughty little Parisian cabaret songs of Mdlle. Schneider (or Thérèse) with which she used to charm the Imperial Court at St. Cloud and Compiègne. Her voice was scarcely audible, but the experience was a memorable one.

Among my distinguished Vienna friends of other days was Count Nicolas Esterhazy, the famous sportsman and patron of the drama, not to forget the eternal and enthralling feminine

element. As a worthy example of the good-natured, easy-going, open-handed Hungarian aristocrat, he was a most popular figure throughout the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, and represented social conditions which are unlikely to survive after the present war. In his younger days he had been in the diplomatic service in London, where his racing colours, for all I know to the contrary, may still be held among the "sacred memories" of the sporting world. When I knew him he lived in one of the palaces on the Schwarzenberg Platz, but his real home was at his château in the little village of Todis in Hungary. There in the courtyard his own uniformed bodyguard stood at the salute on the arrival of a guest. For the princely family of Esterhazy—of which my friend was the senior representative of a side-branch—is one of the few, if not the only one, still entitled to maintain this ornamental appendage of former sovereign rank.

The Count had built himself a beautiful theatre—an exact miniature duplicate of the one in Karlsbad—where he kept a full company of actors and singers, as well as an operatic orchestra, in his pay for the exclusive benefit of himself and his friends. On my arrival a rehearsal was in progress of an opera based upon Tennyson's "Enoch Arden." It was composed by his own *chef d'orchestre*, and was intended to compete for a prize which the then reigning Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha had instituted. After the performance we ad-

journed to a picturesque supper-room within the building. It was fitted up in the plain rustic style of a village-inn parlour, and the guests ordered whatever they liked, as they might have done in an inn. They were waited upon by the illustrious host's black-liveried servants, who were assisted by some pretty Hungarian girls dressed in the bright-coloured national costume. On the wall hung an inscription, an adaptation of the famous verse in Mozart's "Magic Flute": "In diesen heiligen Hallen—Kennt man die Rache nicht," which rendered in English reads as follows: "In these sacred halls there is no bill to pay. All that the genial host asks is to look on happy faces." After supper the company adjourned to a spacious ball-room, in which dancing was kept up far into the night, with the flowing champagne bowl as a stimulant and the pretty peasant maidens as the most attractive feature. I did not wait for the break-up, but retired to my room, and still remember the contemptuous expression on the face of the English valet when, on opening my travelling-bag for me, he discovered little more than a nightshirt and a toothbrush!

Count Esterhazy was one of those Hungarian aristocrats who, by their rank, were down on the list submitted to the Emperor on given occasions to be invited to dinner. The story was current that when his name was mentioned to His Majesty the Emperor would reply, in the homely Austrian dialect affected by the Imperial Family: "Lasst

mir den Niki aus, er will ja doch nicht kommen" ("Leave Niki's name out, I know he doesn't care to come"). When this gracious *grand seigneur* went to a Vienna theatre the manager would come to his box to pay his respects to him and express his felicity over the visit of so distinguished a guest, whose English valet, in evening dress, would be seated in the front row of the stalls. Alas! no mention is made of this kindly, generous scion of the great historical Hungarian house in any books of reference I have consulted. He lived only for his day, and has since gone to his rest, let me hope to be at least gratefully remembered in the heart of those who were privileged to enjoy his delightful hospitality.

A far greater chance of immortality must be vouchsafed to another of my old Vienna acquaintances, the great waltz-king, Johann Strauss. He surprised me one day with a valuable memento in the shape of his own photograph, upon which he had inscribed the opening bars of that most enthralling of all waltzes, "The Blue Danube." Would that Austria had remained true to its joyous spirit; then, perhaps, there might have been no war.

In September of the year 1891 I had taken part in the International Statistical Congress in Vienna, as honorary secretary of its president, the late Sir Rawson W. Rawson, C.B., and thus made the acquaintance of Austrian high official life from its most attractive side, that of a

sympathetic and lavish hospitality. Invitations rained upon us on every hand. Ministers gave receptions in honour of the Congress; its members were invited by the Mayor of Vienna to lunch at the town hall, where a Lucullian repast was set before us to the strains of Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana" played by a military band. A special private performance of the "Puppenfee" was given at the Imperial Opera, where the incomparable attractions of the renowned Vienna ballet corps were displayed for our exclusive benefit. The climax, however, was reached by an invitation from the Emperor Francis Joseph himself to attend a reception at the Imperial Palace. Unfortunately, at the last moment His Majesty was prevented by a railway accident from welcoming us in person. But his brother, the late Archduke Charles Louis, took his place, and he conversed with each of us in turn. Afterwards we were taken in to supper, and invited to partake of the very same *bouillon* which, as we were told, had been served up in these Imperial halls uninterruptedly ever since the time of the Emperor Charles V. The only drawback was that we were obliged to inhale the stuffy atmosphere of rooms which were probably as badly ventilated in those long past days. Indeed, everywhere this cosmopolitan gathering of scientific men was honoured and treated with distinction; everywhere except at the British Embassy, by which the congress was politely ignored. We were told

that the British Government provided no funds for entertainments of that kind.

But those were days of independence, when a man, even though he might only possess a slender wardrobe and a scanty cash balance, stood square to every wind. If possessed of the genius of a Galileo, there was nobody to say nay to his imperative declaration: "Eppur si muove." Personally independent, naturally free to develop the most priceless possession of man, even an autocratic ruler might shout himself hoarse in vain at his heels! But now, on this last visit, I was in the derogatory position of one "wanting to know" and publish what "another" thought or willed, and had thus become a mere reverberating disc, a speaking-trumpet of other men's thoughts, intentions and ideas. And nobody of intellectual distinction cared to go out of his way to oblige him who could no longer put forward his own unfettered personality in exchange.

Fortunately, I had one stanch friend left in Vienna, and it was to his loyalty, as a journalist, towards a colleague, that I owed relief from my troubles. One day I happened to mention Count Goluchowski's refusal to see me to the late Doctor Theodor Herzl. He had been Paris correspondent of the *Neue Freie Presse*, and was now the editor of the literary feuilleton of the *Neue Freie Presse*, and, as such, a very influential person; but his name has since become known

the world over as the founder and leader of the Jewish Zionist Movement. He was a brilliant man of letters, whose plays enjoyed the distinction—no small one—of being performed on the stage of the Imperial Hofburg Theatre. When I told him of my dilemma, he made light of it and merely said: "Whitman, I'll manage that for you."

It was carnival time, and the annual ball of the journalists of Vienna was about to take place. Several representatives of the *Neue Freie Presse* were on the committee, though not Dr. Herzl, for he took no interest in such festivities. Shortly before the evening of the ball the following characteristic conversation took place between him and a member of the committee:

"Strobach, of course you are going to the Press ball?"

"Yes."

"Goluchowski is to be present?"

"Yes."

"I want you to present my friend Whitman to him."

"What? That man! Why, he is an Anti-Semite."

"Strobach, when I tell you he is my friend that must be sufficient for you."

Said and done! When, on the evening of the ball, I arrived at the "Concordia" (a noted public ballroom), Herr Strobach, beaming with amiability, received me in the committee room

and told me to keep close to him. On the arrival of Count Goluchowski, surrounded by a staff of diplomatists, the band struck up, and everybody crowded round to pay homage to the all-powerful Minister. He was led to a raised platform, where he stood in the centre of a star- and cross-bespangled crowd, among which were the leading journalists of Vienna, nearly everyone of whom wore several decorations. Herr Strobach took me by the hand, led me boldly through the throng, and presented me to His Excellency.

If I have dwelt at length on so trivial an incident, it is because I wish to indicate the position that journalists hold in Vienna, and to give an instance of the loyalty to their friends to be met with among the Jews, to which no small portion of their power and success in life is due. Far from being Anti-Semitically inclined myself, some of the most cultured and refined men I have ever met were Jews, among whom I have had firm friends. It was characteristic of Dr. Herzl's sanity of outlook that, whereas his whole heart was devoted to the championship of Judaism, he was yet able to contemplate the phenomenon of Anti-Semitism with the dispassionate eyes of an onlooker. His long residence in Paris had made him intimately acquainted with the undercurrents and passions which found an explosive manifestation in the writings of M. Drumont, and culminated in the abominable Dreyfus case. He told me that there could be no question as to the innocence of

Dreyfus, but it would be nevertheless unwise to lose sight of the fact that certain aggressive Jewish elements were partly responsible for the Jews having incurred hatred among a people which in times gone by had been most liberal in its treatment of his race.

As regards England, a country for which Herzl harboured the warmest admiration, he warned me that it would largely depend upon the Jews themselves whether or not a wave of Anti-Semitism should spring up there. He told me, further, that it was not to the interest of the Jewish community that individual ambitious Jews should make themselves unduly prominent as candidates for social and political honours. The Jews should remember that, as members of an alien race—a fact which they themselves were ever ready to proclaim and emphasise—such men would always be conspicuous objects for the envy and jealousy of those whom they overshadowed by their wealth or other source of power. Such aggressiveness was, Dr. Herzl maintained, directly injurious to the legitimate aims and aspirations of the Jews as a people. They should foster and hold on to their loftiest ideals of thought and conduct, and thus contribute to the progress of the world by giving of their best in its service.

Dr. Herzl's death, at an early age, was due to heart disease—the journalist's complaint—probably brought on by overwork in connection with the project of his life, the Zionist Move-

ment. As a dispassionate reporter of events, the journalist has no time, and, indeed, no business, to identify himself with any of the many "isms" he comes across in the practice of his profession. By so doing he would diminish his usefulness and detract from his reliability, becoming a partisan where he should only be a faithful recorder. Thus I took little interest in Dr. Herzl's pet scheme for the repatriation of the Jews in Palestine, to which he had given the name of Zionism. But the Movement has since become one of so wide-spread an interest that a few words as to its nature or its aims, its essential features as given to me in our many conversations, cannot be out of place. Dr. Herzl, like most other men of strong character, was attached to the race from which he sprang. He sympathised with its wrongs, and, with the ardour of an enthusiastic nature, longed to see them righted. Further, he held that a people can only maintain itself by its adherence to those life-giving principles which we may call its soul. This means its fidelity to those instincts which set the ideals of conduct of the community above the egotistical aims of the unit. Therefore the wealthy Jews of international finance who had become cosmopolitan were a negligible, even despicable, quantity in Dr. Herzl's eyes. Among the leading London Jews Sir Francis Montefiore was about the only one of his enthusiastic supporters. Without troubling himself about dogma, Herzl revered the

Rabbi and looked askance at the millionaire whose loyalty to Judaism he suspected.

Zionism, of course, does not aim at uprooting all Jews throughout the world and planting them afresh and wholesale in Palestine. Its ambition is not to found an independent Jewish state, but to provide a secure home for such Jews as suffer persecution and yearn towards Jerusalem, and to make of the Palestine thus colonised a spiritual centre for the rest of Judaism. Zionism was to be a rallying-point of Jewish idealism even where the belief as to the practicability of a return to Palestine was non-existent. And the results, as shown by statistics since Dr. Herzl's death, are of an encouraging nature in this respect.[1]

The fundamental idea was that the Jew should learn to respect himself as a Jew, stand up for himself as a Jew, hold to his standards as a Jew, and thus force others to respect him as a Jew. With this purpose in view Dr. Herzl gathered round him the élite of the Jewish academical youth of Vienna, and they formed into a corps under the name of Kadimah. It contained some of the most expert fencers at

[1] "The number of Jewish colonies and smaller settlements is now (1916) nearly fifty, of which twenty are in Judæa, in the south of Palestine; seven in Samaria, in the centre; and sixteen in Galilee, to the north. The other three are on the other side of the Jordan. The rural Jewish population was in 1914 about 15,000 out of a total of 100,000 Jews in the country. . . . The Jewish colonies now produce one-third of the total orange output of Palestine."

the University, who came to be the recognised champions of flouted Judaism.

Dr. Herzl devoted all his energies to Zionism, jeopardising thereby his worldly prospects, for his aims encountered strong opposition even from his own friends and co-religionists. Although, as the editor of the feuilleton of the *Neue Freie Press*, Herzl may be said to have occupied the premier position in the Habsburg Monarchy as regards literary influence, the very word "Zionism" was not allowed to be mentioned in its columns. It only appeared after his death, in a warm-hearted tribute to his memory. Such, however, was the moral ascendancy of the man that his paper offered no obstacle to his prolonged absences while undertaking long journeys in the interests of Zionism. Herzl went to Turkey to plead the case of the Jews, and was received by the Sultan. He was also repeatedly in Paris and London. I was present at a crowded meeting of several thousand Jews in the East End of London when he was enthusiastically acclaimed as a prophet of his race. He looked the part to the life, for he was one of the most strikingly handsome men I have ever met; his dark, somewhat melancholy features wore an expression of sad other-worldliness, bearing a strong resemblance to those of Christ as pictured by the great Italian masters. It was a touching moment when, at the end of the meeting, the audience in their thousands streamed out into the White-

JOHANN STRAUSS

DR. THEODOR HERZL

chapel Road; many followed Herzl, endeavouring to kiss his hands and even the hem of his garment.

In the course of Dr. Herzl's stay in London he introduced me to his distinguished co-religionist, the Warsaw banker, Jean de Bloch, the author of that remarkable book on the futility of modern war, who happened to be staying with his family at the Hotel Cecil. Herzl had written a play dealing with Zionism, and was most anxious to get it performed on the London stage. He told me that he intended to entrust the matter to a certain Austrian journalist living in London. When I suggested to him that he would do better to place it with an English adapter familiar with theatrical work, he saw the force of my suggestion and remained silent for a moment; but only for a moment. Then he said with simple dignity: "I have given him my word, and my word is sacred to me." What more fitting tribute could I pay to the memory of a man who united the *naïveté* of a child with the courage and strength of character of a hero than by repeating his words:

"I have given him my word, and my word is sacred to me"—not a mere scrap of paper.

Dr. Herzl's only son was educated in England, at St. Paul's School and at Cambridge. Since the war began he has enlisted, and is now serving as a private in the British Army.

CHAPTER V

SALONICA AND CONSTANTINOPLE

EARLY in 1897, hard on the rumours of trouble between Greece and Turkey, I found myself in Salonica. I arrived at the then Turkish port on March 8th, the day upon which Turkey began to mobilise her forces and to push them forward to the frontier. There was none of that sudden rush to arms which has marked later and greater wars. Turkey was still inclined to turn an ear to the representations of the Powers, and to halt before the opening blows were struck. More than a week went by and I was still at Salonica, with little to do to pass the time except read the newspapers and listen to the rumours which passed like waves through the population. Now and then a warship came into the bay or passed where it might be seen, and at least one relief from the daily round of life was provided by the arrival of the *Duilio*, then the largest vessel of the Italian Navy, and remarkable for her spick-and-span condition.

The population of Salonica contained a large proportion of Greeks, and amid these excitable people all kinds of improbable stories ran wild. Most of them were the merest fiction; some had

their varying proportion of truth. One thing was certain : life had become decidedly more dangerous amid the prevailing excitement. There were raids and murders even in the outskirts of the city, and it was risky to be out after dark, though the temptation to go for a well-cooked dinner and the convivial life at certain of the social centres led one to take risks. The life in the city had many entertaining aspects. Nearly half the population were Jews, most of them of a fine type, for the Jew in Turkey has ever been treated with toleration and even kindness. Only recently they had celebrated the four-hundredth anniversary of their arrival in the country, when driven from Spain, and had marked the occasion by subscribing £T50,000 for benevolent purposes.

The Jews, however, were but one element in a population remarkable for its cosmopolitan character. There was a prosperous and well-organised German colony, the members of which had a club of their own at one of the principal hotels. More singular than all else was the discovery I made of an English public-house, kept by a widow, which only opened its doors when an English squadron put into the bay, did a roaring trade during its stay, and then sank back at once to its silent, shuttered condition. I wonder how it fares in these war days, with English troops on every hand? Some colour was lent to the scene by the frequent arrivals and departures of Turkish troops, drawn from all parts of an Empire which

stretched into two continents and contained some of the most picturesque peoples on the face of the globe. Mostly they came and went in the night, their plaintive singing or raised voices as they marched drawing me many times to my window as they passed the hotel.

Presently I received my instructions to proceed to the Turkish headquarters at Elassona, not as war correspondent, for I was ill-fitted at my time of life for such a strenuous rôle, but with the mission of obtaining information as to the real position, which was masked by every description of rumour. Having obtained the necessary permission and an escort, I found in a Roumanian—one Hermann Chary, formerly in the service of General Gordon—an interpreter whose fluent command of some nine or ten languages had not enabled him to command more than five francs a day for his services in a third-rate hotel. The first part of the journey to Karaferia was by rail; thence eighty miles by road to Elassona. The armies were on the march, and the scenes along the road were striking as we passed the fantastically dressed men, loaded with quaint baggage, who were moving at the call of the Sultan. They toiled forward at a slower pace than ourselves through the desolate and uncultivated country which had once formed part of the dominions of Philip and Alexander of Macedonia. Arrived at Elassona, a town of some four thousand inhabitants on the western slope of Mount Olympus, I

found that the correspondent of the *New York Herald* was welcomed, being regarded by the Turks as belonging to one of the few papers willing to give them fair play. I was housed in the home of the mayor, which had been vacated, and quickly after my arrival I was received by Edhem Pasha.

The Turkish Commander-in-Chief was still in the prime of life and a fine representative of the high-bred Turk. With all the dignity of the true Oriental, he was yet simple and courteous, and throughout my stay I was the recipient of many kindnesses at his hands. Yet behind his amiability he had the strength necessary to his position, as some of the war correspondents were to find later. Several of these gentlemen arrived in military uniforms. Quickly they were told that, whatever their right to wear such uniforms in their own country, they were in Turkey as newspaper correspondents only, and must at once shed their military splendours if they were to accompany the expedition. Possibly few of these gentlemen realised that even then they were celebrating the funeral of the great days of the war correspondent. They belonged to a decaying industry, the members of which were shortly to be reduced to a rigid discipline which looks upon initiative and enterprise as offences.

The correspondents had not arrived when I was at Elassona. I came into contact with them after my return to Salonica, where a small army

of them were awaiting permission to go to the Front. Among them was Mr. Bigham, the representative of *The Times*, a son of the present Lord Mersey. He was young, eager, athletic, and keen about his work, and one could not make his acquaintance without feeling that here was one who would go far in the world. He was excellently equipped for his task, as he both spoke and read Turkish and wielded a graphic and ready pen in his own language. His subsequent work for *The Times* gave him a reputation which was added to by the book which he wrote upon the campaign. I am glad to remember that I rendered Mr. Bigham services in the way of introductions which enabled him to reach Elassona well in advance of his rival correspondents.

For myself I was not to see anything of the actual operations of a war that ended so speedily in the defeat of Greece, which was only saved by the intervention of the Powers. But there were many stories of atrocities committed by the Turks. Experience in the present war, in which our English troops have been in conflict with Turks both in Europe and Asia, has served to show that the Turk is one of the most scrupulous of fighters, observing carefully the conventions of civilised warfare. That does not surprise one who knows the Turkish character. As a fact in the war with Greece, when the stories of atrocities were most rife, the correspondents of the English newspapers who accompanied the Turkish armies

bore personal testimony, in a letter to the British Embassy at Constantinople, to the admirable conduct of the Ottoman soldiery. "The discipline and conduct of the Turkish Army have been admirable, and can be most favourably compared with that of the best troops in the world," they said.

The first signature appended to this document was that of Sir Ellis Ashmead Bartlett, M.P., whose son has since obtained a considerable fame as a correspondent in the Gallipoli Peninsula. Had that been the only name the testimony might have been suspect, for in the British Parliament Sir Ellis was the most conspicuous of Philo-Turks. Rather sneered at in the House of Commons, where his robust and adjectival oratory ill-suited the atmosphere, he was one of the most successful of platform orators and an enormous strength to the Primrose League in its early days. Certainly my own little acquaintance with Sir Ellis Ashmead Bartlett gave me a much more favourable impression than I had gathered from the common tone of allusion to him.

But farewell to digression! At Elassona I was in the midst of a vast encampment of Turkish troops, of whom over fifty thousand were mobilised about the little town. Diverse as were their elements, they gave one the sense that they had in them the making of a most successful army, and of no section was that more true than of the Albanians, who were, of course, still the

subjects of the Sultan. The men were to prove their quality a few weeks later, when they broke the Greeks at Larissa and drove them into panic-stricken flight. One afternoon I rode out to the Meluna Pass, which formed the frontier between Turkey and Greece. Here were two block-houses two hundred yards apart, the one occupied by the Turkish guards, the other by Greeks. The Sultan's aide-de-camp, who accompanied me, suggested that I should pass over to the Greek side, and there I encountered a Greek officer trained in the French cavalry school at Saumur, and certainly more French than Greek in appearance. We entered into conversation, and I found him supremely confident that when war came, as he was certain it would come, the Greek victory would be quick and decisive. That was one of the illusions which actual experience was to shatter. As we spoke, looking down into the valley through which Pompey once fled as a fugitive, we could see Larissa in the distance, with the white tents of the Greek Army dotting a landscape far more verdant than that on the other side of the frontier.

Returning to Salonica by way of Katerina, I found the Greek town in a ferment. The correspondents were all busy with their preparations for moving—engaging servants, buying horses, adding to their equipment. The English public-house had stirred into life and was driving a roaring trade. A large contingent of German officers had arrived, eager to put their services at

the command of the Turks. A hearty swashbuckling crowd they were; but their lust for bloodshed was not to be satisfied, for they were all summoned back to Constantinople after a protest from the Russian Ambassador against their being allowed to fight in a cause that was not their own.

War was actually declared on the 17th of April, and my chief recollection of the day is of the quiet with which the announcement was received. In this town of mixed nationalities there was no demonstration, and only the lowering of the flag on the Greek Consulate conveyed the news that all uncertainty was at an end, and that the armies would almost immediately be at grips. Two days later I left for Constantinople as the only passenger on a ship which carried sixteen hundred sheep, so crowded on the deck that it was almost impossible to enter or leave one's cabin. For a month I was in the Turkish capital. I was witness of the memorable scene when the venerable Ghazi Osman Pasha left for the seat of war. He passed to the station amid great crowds, mothers lifting their babies to be kissed by the old soldier and old men shedding tears as they saw him. He had been the national hero of 1878, and he still held the affection of the people.

Constantinople itself was busy with all the activities by which the civilian element helps the soldiers in war time. At the request of the Sultan I visited a hospital for the wounded which had

been organised in the grounds of the Palace. Whatever the deficiencies elsewhere, there were none here. The hapless soldiers, who were continually arriving, were lodged in huts, and the equipment of the entire hospital was modern and on the most sanitary principles. On the staff were a number of German surgeons, whose devotion to their work was subsequently rewarded by high decorations. The spirit of charity was represented by the "Bazar de Secours," to which came the most remarkable collection of gifts that I have ever seen. The wealthy had ransacked their houses for quaint curios; the Sultan had given lavishly from his fine collection of Oriental treasures. From the Austrian Emperor came a Louis XV. cabinet; the Kaiser added to some pottery from the Berlin china works a dozen autograph prints of his famous cartoon of Europe defending itself against the Yellow Peril. I later heard that the whole dozen had been purchased by the Sultan at a fancy price, Constantinople showing no desire to acquire these specimens of Imperial genius at second-hand.

This stay in Constantinople gave me the acquaintance of Sir Nelson Miles, then Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the United States, of Sir Ellis Ashmead Bartlett, and of Sir Philip and Lady Currie, who dispensed a kindly and generous hospitality at the British Embassy, and were deservedly popular for the charm with which they surrounded their life in a foreign city.

In Bucharest

On my way back to London I spent a couple of days in Bucharest, where I renewed my previous acquaintance with M. Demeter Stourdza, the Roumanian Prime Minister. He presented me with a copy of the first volume of King Carol's Reminiscences, which had just appeared in German. I read it with great interest, as also, later, the other volumes, which led to my offering to translate this important political work into English. My proposal was accepted, and it subsequently led to my making the personal acquaintance of King Carol, who continued to give me many proofs of his good will down to the end of his life.

On my return from Constantinople to London I represented the *Herald* during the Jubilee of Queen Victoria's sixtieth anniversary of her accession to the throne. Viewed at this distance of time it may well be considered to have been the first of three great national demonstrations of the sentiment of solidarity of the English race throughout the world upon which the future of the British Empire may well look as its *rocher de bronze* in her civilising mission in the world. The second may be said to be the South African War, and we are now in the midst of the third and by far the most important of all these tremendous events. But to the journalist, as perhaps to many others, the Jubilee wore a different aspect—that of a nerve-racking excitement from which it was impossible to save oneself by

day or night; everywhere that blessed word which had cast the terrors of Mesopotamia in the shade dogged one's steps and clogged one's thoughts. Public dinners, with ambassadorial orations, Guildhall receptions and Mansion House feasts followed upon each other until the climax was reached in the ever-memorable pageant through London streets—a wonder, perhaps, some of us did not live to become the first inmates of the hospital named after the occasion.

Some years afterwards I was forcibly reminded of the monotony of the thing by meeting Mark Twain in Regent Street.

"How are things going in America?" I asked.

"Oh," he replied, "the American people are afflicted with an attack of nerves. We are suffering from our newspapers and the everlasting recurrence of the name of Admiral Dewey. Our one prayer is: O Lord God, save us from Admiral Dewey!"

Thus it was with a feeling of relief when it became possible to seek refuge from "God Save the Queen" and take a holiday in the idyllic Bohemian watering-place of Marienbad, where among other notabilities the Prince of Wales was expected; for Homburg, within the Kaiser's domains, had ceased to appeal to his uncle.

CHAPTER VI

MARIENBAD AND VENICE

THE town of Marienbad, beautifully situated nearly two thousand feet above the level of the sea, with its stately pine forests, offered a change indeed from the dusty pavement of Fleet Street, and it soon acted as a tonic upon a jaded nervous system still feeling the effects of the London Jubilee ordeal. A crowd of English had already arrived of the class whose names one sees most frequently in the papers—a few popular actor-managers and Jubilee knights among them—in expectation of the arrival of the Prince of Wales. I had not been there many days when I received a telegram from Mr. Bennett, telling me that a scurrilous attack on Mr. Labouchere had appeared in a London paper, and asking me to interview him on the subject, as he was among the visitors at Marienbad. Mr. Labouchere, however, to whom Sir Charles Dilke had given me a letter of introduction, declined to talk for purposes of publication. He said: "In sending you here Mr. Bennett has asked you to make bricks without straw; but come and dine with us instead." Following on this auspicious opening, I met him

repeatedly and had several conversations with him of a very interesting though confidential nature. Heretical to the verge of blasphemy, iconoclastic, almost treasonable, so as to make them unfit for publication at that time, their gist would scarcely attract notice to-day. So great are the changes through which we have since passed. Mr. Labouchere told me that he came to Marienbad because he liked the place, not because he thought the waters of any use—or those of Homburg either, for the matter of that—whether taken by the glass or the bucket. His cynical common sense rebelled against accepting any temporary remedy as efficacious for the cure of complaints which were often due to a lifelong violation of the laws of hygiene, particularly as regards eating and drinking; to think otherwise savoured of a belief in quackery. In referring to a prominent person who was reputed to be a free liver, he said: "If a man has been living like a beast for the best part of his life, the proper remedy in his case, far better than any waters, is to tie him up like a dog in a kennel. This will keep him out of harm's way, and then Nature will do the rest."

Labouchere's many years' campaign against scoundrels whom he had exposed in *Truth* had made him a fierce hater of every kind of roguery, sham and quackery—social, medical or whatnot. From what he told me, I should be inclined to think that his hobby of exposing rogues and endeavouring to open the eyes of fools was one

of the most expensive pastimes in which a man could possibly indulge. He said that although he had won most of the libel suits which had been forced upon him, he was more than £40,000 out of pocket, owing to law expenses he was unable to recover—a statement regarding which he appealed to Mrs. Labouchere, and which she corroborated in my presence. It would thus seem that legal warfare can only be indulged in with safety and success by the strong in pocket as well as in nerve. I also asked him whether his law-suits had not been a source of great worry to him. He assured me that he had got so accustomed to them that they finally bored him, and he would send a representative to the court instead of attending in person.

To anybody familiar with the tone of allusion to Mr. Labouchere in London society, it was remarkable to see the terms upon which he stood with the better class of English visitors assembled in Marienbad. Mr. Labouchere had the temperament which naturally inclines to a somewhat cynical Radicalism, and it suited his mood to be *l'enfant terrible* of English politics. But he belonged properly to the class which he took an impish delight in shocking, and here at Marienbad one found him on the best of terms with people who shared none of his views. The Prince of Wales showed a frank liking for the man who had been so prominent in his attacks upon the expenditure of Royalty, and on his table were to

be seen the cards of nearly all the noble families who were "taking the waters." Beneath the steel-like outer surface I believe Mr. Labouchere had a kindly, and even affectionate, disposition, held in restraint by a very exceptional balance of mind and sanity of outlook. His contempt for shams of all kinds was conspicuous; he exposed their unreality with a single stab of a stiletto-like humour. Frankly, I have never been able to understand how such a man, with his clear vision of the unrealities of political life, allowed himself to feel bitter disappointment when he was passed over in the formation of the Gladstone Administration of 1892. Yet the story that he did resent it rests on a basis of authenticity. I should have thought it more likely that his weakness—or should I call it deficiency?—lay in a very different direction, namely, in a lack of appreciation of the enjoyment of life to be had by a lover of Nature and of the many small things which a vivid and sympathetic imagination reveals in congenial surroundings.

Some time afterwards I paid him a visit in his palatial home in Westminster, where I found him reading a certain penny weekly newspaper, of which I myself have long been a regular student, and which had, as I discovered subsequently, King Edward among its regular subscribers. It was a bright and fearlessly conducted paper in those days, taboo at every London club and beneath the notice of every Court lackey, but apparently

good enough for England's King and one of his most clever, cynical subjects. When I called on him in London he was engaged in one of his last libel suits, in which, as usual, he came off victorious. Referring to a very aggressive and otherwise objectionable lady implicated in the case, he said to me: "You only need look at her!" How much some of us could gain if we only possessed that insight which really sees what it looks at!

Many of the notabilities I met or who were pointed out to me are dead, buried and forgotten long since. There was one notable exception in the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who used to take his morning glass of water walking in company with the Prince of Wales. I had several conversations with him. His name will always be cherished and remembered with honour by those who have the best interests of their country at heart as one of the most prominent influences in bringing about the beneficial settlement of the South African trouble. Referring to the Jameson Raid one day with him, I said that it was unfortunate that it had given the German Emperor a plausible excuse to interfere and endeavour to place England in the wrong in the eyes of the world. Sir Henry replied: "It was no business of his; it did not concern him; it was not his business"—a remark which he repeated with emphasis, and the full significance of which this war has finally brought home to the whole world.

Before leaving Marienbad a friend took me to see an old gentleman who had played a passive but pathetic part in one of the great tragedies of the century: the execution of the Emperor Maximilian of Mexico, at Querétaro (June 19th, 1867). He was the Emperor's medical attendant, Dr. von Meyer, who spent the Emperor's last night with him in his cell. I asked him how the Emperor bore up under the dreadful ordeal. He replied: "Very well! What affected him more particularly was the fate of the two Mexican Generals, Miramon and Mejia, who had remained faithful to him and were to share his end." He told me that the Mexican President, Juarez, would have been willing to spare the Emperor's life, but the fact that he had caused Mexican officers to be shot who had fought against him was tantamount to his own death sentence, for Mexican public opinion insisted on his execution, and this the President was powerless to resist.

I had been in Marienbad about three weeks when I received a telegram from Mr. Bennett asking me to join him on his yacht at Venice. This trip proved to be one of the most delightful of my many reminiscences of travel. In passing through Munich my friend Lenbach met me at the station, and introduced me to Sir Rowland and Lady Blennerhassett, who were in his company. A break in the train connection at Verona afforded me an opportunity of a few hours to visit some of the many interesting sights of that

great historical city, of which I sent a description to the *Herald*. There were the supposed houses of the Montagues and Capulets, in the dilapidated gateway of one of which stood a cart loaded with straw. I visited the reputed grave of Romeo and Juliet; I inspected the palace and monument of the renowned Scaliger family; and, most remarkable of all, the imposing amphitheatre built by the Emperor Diocletian, with its white marble seats, from which, 1,600 years ago, twenty thousand spectators had applauded the gladiatorial contests.

Seventeen years previously I had visited Venice, and been somewhat disappointed. On the present occasion, however, the thought was forced upon me that my disenchantment was entirely due to my own unripeness of mind, my inability to appreciate the wonderful charm of this most entrancing centre of historical culture and artistic reminiscence. One little change only had apparently taken place since my previous visit, but it was one of an unsympathetic nature, brought home to me in all its incongruity by the gondolier who took me out to Mr. Bennett's yacht. I refer to the little black steamers which plied along the canals and competed thus with the monopoly of water traffic hitherto held by the guild of gondoliers. In such picturesque surroundings these ugly little creatures reminded one of the black water-beetles which swarm in stagnant pools.

"E una brutta roba, Signore" ("It is an

ugly business"), said the gondolier, with a contemptuous sigh. Remarkable are the evidences of old social manners still to be observed even among the humbler classes of this entrancing Queen of the Adriatic. The tourist would be of exceptional mien and bearing not to constitute an eyesore in Venice. On my previous visit I engaged the identical gondolier who had served the Emperor Frederick when visiting there as Crown Prince. He was a splendid type of man, and little inferior in dignity of bearing to many a prince born in the purple and ever so much handsomer. What a thousand years of close association with art and song have done for this population can be gauged by the voice, gesture and bearing of the humblest among them. The tone of voice in which those simple words, "Signore, O Signorina," can be pitched, to express every shade of feeling from deference to delight, must be heard in order to be appreciated. A few days' stay in Venice enables us to understand the story of the Italian *soldatesca* about to destroy a monastery near Florence, but who desisted and even went on their knees on seeing a masterpiece of Andrea del Sarto on the wall.

Shortly before my arrival a fire had taken place at which several firemen had been killed. They were given a public funeral, which I witnessed. It passed across the San Marco Place: a most impressive sight. The historic guilds, with their emblems, were in the procession, and moved

towards the San Marco Cathedral to the strains of Chopin's "Funeral March," a banner being borne aloft with the inscription: "Morto pel Dovere."

Mr. Bennett's yacht, the *Namouna*, was anchored about half a mile from the shore, directly opposite the San Marco Piazza. The ship's party consisted of several American ladies and gentlemen, the French painter, Monsieur Gervex, and his wife, and a delightful Italian duke, who apparently was either Premier Chamberlain or the fidus Achates of the host and owner. It was a lovely September evening, such as is only to be met with in those parts, when, after dinner on deck, the company gave themselves over to the enjoyment of the scene. It was getting late, the white hull of the *Namouna* making the only contrast to the dark waters, and a thousand tiny lights gleaming from floor and windows on the shore, when a black mass could be seen indistinctly to leave the quay—the Riva dei Schiavoni—and move out slowly toward us. Sounds of voices, at first faint and distant, reached our ears; and as they came nearer, more distinct, it became evident that they proceeded from a Venetian galley with a number of people on board. As it turned out, there was to be a serenade in honour of the distinguished millionaire guest from "beyond the seas" who, in his luxurious yacht, had favoured the Queen of the Adriatic with a visit. Such a compliment necessi-

tated some return, and the serenade was intended as a recognition. With the aid of glasses we could see the oars dipping into the water, and a harmonium on board—the old Italian world of culture was about to pay homage to the new world of commerce and enterprise. Mr. Bennett seized the situation at a glance. The ship's band, consisting of members of the crew, were called upon deck, and ordered to play "The Star-Spangled Banner," and then "God Save the Queen"—a queer medley of sound to chime in with the soft strains of a Venetian choral song.

Next morning Mr. Bennett informed me that, in a recent interview with the Sultan, he had suggested to His Majesty that the Turkish Government should send a special Commission of Inquiry into Armenia to verify the facts connected with the disturbances of the last two years, and that he should allow the *New York Herald* to be represented on it.

The Sultan was favourably disposed to the idea, and proposed that I should be the person selected to accompany the expedition. To this Mr. Bennett had, as he told me, demurred; not that he had any reason to doubt my reliability, but the fact remained that it was already known in America that I had had personal relations with the Sultan. This in itself would make it desirable that somebody else should report on this particular subject. It was finally agreed with the Sultan that a member of the New York staff of

the paper (the late Dr. George H. Hepworth) should be the correspondent, the Sultan making his final consent dependent upon my accompanying the expedition as well. Mr. Bennett went on to say to me that he had long desired to place his readers in a position to judge things for themselves from information gathered on the spot; and that this matter was one of exceptional interest to the American public, owing to the fact that the Sultan had hitherto declined to allow any newspaper correspondent whatsoever to traverse Armenia, let alone offer facilities for so doing.

"You will render the *Herald* a great service in undertaking this expedition," Mr. Bennett concluded; "for, unless you go, it will not start."

It is not often that any man has an opportunity of visiting an unknown country with all the paraphernalia attending the progress of a governor of a province and at one and the same time of obliging an autocratic ruler and a great newspaper proprietor. I therefore accepted; it being distinctly understood that mine was "a watching brief" on behalf of the Turks, and that I should not be called upon to write at all, unless a controversy arose. Fortunately, the necessity did not arise to submit to such an ordeal. I may add that, being firmly convinced that injustice had been done to the Turks, at least as regards charging them with religious persecution, I

willingly undertook the task offered me of seeing "fair play" given to them.

At this distance of time I do not hesitate to say that, had I known the true nature of the task I was undertaking, I should not have accepted Mr. Bennett's offer, and never have set a foot in Armenia; particularly not in the winter, involving a journey fraught with extreme hardships and peril, the more so as neither Dr. Hepworth nor I myself was quite fitted, at our time of life, to encounter them. In fact, it is not at all unlikely that the hardships of this journey contributed to shorten his life. As it was, the series of articles which sprang out of the trip proved one of the greatest journalistic successes which the *New York Herald* put to its credit for many a year. In return for my share in the *coup*, however, I never received the value of a postage stamp, either from the proprietor of the *New York Herald* or from the Sultan of Turkey.

CHAPTER VII

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR

VIEWED in retrospective, few events within the memory of the present generation illustrate more forcibly the difference between the impression of the moment as reflected through the Press and the more dispassionate estimate of things obtained by time—say, by the lapse of a decennium or two—than the Spanish-American War. To the former it was little else than an accident brought about by the sinking of a warship, but for which it might never have taken place. To-day, few would doubt that, whatever incident, provocation or Yellow-Press incitement may have been responsible for the outbreak, the true origin or source of the war lay far deeper. Without transgressing the limits set in these pages, it may yet be said that this Spanish-American War was the latest of three distinct efforts of the huge American organism to shake off certain influences of feudal Europe, against which nearly half the world is in arms to-day.

The first of these organic manifestations—one still within living memory—came as a sequel to the attempt of Napoleon III. to found a Habs-

burg autocracy in Mexico, and thereby to create a counterpoise to the growing power of the United States. The Emperor Maximilian, the wife-willed, soft-pated simulacrum, tried murderous Habsburg methods when he ordered Mexican officers who had fought against him for the liberty of their country to be executed. He righteously met the fate which he and his House had so often decreed for others, hitherto with impunity to themselves. Count Herbert Bismarck discussed this Mexican adventure with me one day, and gave it as his opinion—presumably also that of his great father—that, from a collective European point of view, there was something to be said in its favour. "It was a shrewd political move on the part of the French Emperor," he said; "but Queen Victoria and her Ministers were responsible for England's declining to take a hand in it, and this foredoomed it to failure."

The second convulsion of this cataclysmal nature took place in the year 1889, in the deposition of the Emperor of Brazil. Having no son of his own, he had endeavoured to perpetuate his dynasty by securing the succession to his daughter, the Countess d'Eu, who was very unpopular. This attempt, together with the clashing of other conflicting interests, resulted in his dethronement. But if Don Pedro stood for a system which Brazil rejected, historical justice will place it on record that the last representative of Monarchy in the American continent was a man of brilliant intel-

lectual attainments and high personal character. When the Republic offered him a pension of a million a year, he sent the dignified reply that the only gift he would consent to accept was six feet of Brazilian soil for his grave. It should also be remembered as a memento of his humane leanings that he never signed a death warrant. He said to his friend Adolphe Franck, the distinguished French philosopher: "On condamme les assassins à mort chez nous, mais je les gracie toujours; et je ne crois pas que par mon action il se commet un seul assassinat de plus."

The turn of Spain had now come to be told by America that autocratic European methods—militarism, Church rule and dynastic pranks—had been tolerated long enough. Spain was ordered to clear out. Whatever else may threaten the future stability of the United States—and it looks to-day as if the only cloud on the horizon were Pan-German obsessions—the soul of the whole American continent, from the Great Lakes to Patagonia, is apparently at one in the determination not to tolerate immigration, except of the clean-living, well-behaved, law-abiding citizen: those elements which are prepared and ready to live and let live—according to the standard set up in Goethe's "Faust" of the road-maker as a useful member of a peaceful society. The three thousand miles of unfortified frontier between Canada and the United States, stretch-

ing from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, are emblematical of the ideals which America finds sufficient for her purpose to regulate her relations between herself and her neighbours.

These few remarks are meant in explanation of the attitude of American opinion as represented by the *Herald* at the outbreak of the Spanish-American crisis. Sections of the American Press clamoured for war; the *Herald*, ever a sane and moderating influence in dealing with great questions, was for avoiding it, if possible. True, however, to its traditional policy, it proceeded to open its columns to views on every side, and to none was this more liberally accorded than to Germany, although the Press of that country was never tired of accusing the *Herald* of being anti-German. Thus I received instructions to proceed to Berlin to sound German opinion.

In spite of what has since taken place, I cannot to-day recall any evidence to support the contention that German sentiment was, as has been averred, in any way in favour of Spain, the hopelessness of whose regime in Cuba was frankly recognised everywhere among the prominent personages I met and the responsible editors I interviewed. These included the editors of the *Cologne Gazette*, the *North German Gazette*, the *Vossische Zeitung* and the *Berliner Tageblatt*. The editor of the *North German Gazette* had been, if I remember rightly, a tutor in the Spanish Royal Family, and he pleaded a senti-

mental personal sympathy with Spain on that account, but nothing more.

The military experts I interviewed, all recognised authorities, took a most unfavourable view of the chances of the United States as against the Spanish military forces. In this, as subsequent events proved, they were mistaken, as well as ignorant of those psychic forces dormant in the English-speaking races which were, later, destined to stand up against and, let us hope, to break the German soul-killing military machine. But none of them seemed imbued with any particular leanings for Spain, and I am inclined to attach a certain significance to this fact, for it tends to show that down to this particular period the German people as a whole were not yet infected with the virus which subsequently led them to entertain desires and ambitions which neither their racial character nor historical traditions fit them to realise.

That this was their mental attitude was also recognised in the *New York Herald* by the keen-sighted proprietor, whose estimate of the situation was emphatically expressed at the time in the editorials of the paper. Yet even at that time there was a suicidal element at work which could easily have thrust Germany into troubled waters. Prince Hohenlohe was still German Chancellor, but, as we may glean from his most illuminative "Memoirs," the old man was already very tired of Imperial shoutings and brass band accompani-

ments. He was on the box, it is true, but the reins had already fallen from his hands and were in the grasp of one who soon proved himself to be a past-master in the art of hypnotising those with whom he came into contact. The Italian spirit of Machiavelli was already actively at work to assist the German race, egged on by the demented vanity of one man, to rush to its ruin. The Rat-catcher of Hamelin piped his enticing tune to their children, a million of whom were destined to be lured later from town and village, and to disappear beneath the ground. This evil foreboding spirit was represented at Washington in the person of the German Ambassador, Dr. von Holleben, whose *cabale* against Lord Pauncefote is said to have hastened the latter's untimely end.

Attempts were made to exploit Bismarck's great name in this new departure, though it was entirely opposed to his teachings. Thus a rumour had got about that the Prince had definitely expressed himself on the Spanish-American War in an interview with some journalist. I wrote to his son-in-law, Count Rantzau, on the subject, and received the following reply: "My father-in-law has not seen any journalist whatever for months past." This message was published in the *Herald* on the 3rd of June, 1898, less than two months before Bismarck's death, and should definitely dispose of any suggestion that he had intervened in any way.

Among the distinguished persons I met in

Berlin on this occasion was the United States Ambassador, that eminent scholar and Germanophile, Mr. Andrew White, with whom I may claim to have been on terms of friendship, for he invited me to his house and was a generous appreciator of my writings on Germany. It was only some years afterwards, however, that I was informed from a reliable source of an incident said to have taken place at this particular time. It throws curious light on the sinister Manila Bay difficulty as one among so many of the insidious endeavours of the Emperor's representatives abroad to "break through" and "get a place in the sun." As this incident, like so many other important matters, has probably slipped from public memory, it may be as well to recall that the Manila Bay incident was the first of the barefaced, blundering attempts to challenge the world to single combat, the culmination of which we are now witnessing. The admiral in command of the German squadron in Manila Bay, doubtless acting under direct Imperial inspiration, truculently attempted to dispute the claim of the United States navy to maintain the blockade in Manila waters; and in his manner of going to work he already exhibited those characteristic features of hectoring bounce and effrontery with which we have since been made so familiar.

According to my authority, Mr. White, calling one day on the German Secretary of Foreign Affairs, the late Baron Richthofen, suggested to

him that, as Germany was so eager for naval stations, the situation in the Philippines presented a favourable opportunity to realise her ambitions. If this story be true, it would be quite sufficient to account for the self-assertive attitude taken up by Admiral Dietrichs in Manila Bay, which was so admirably checkmated by Admiral Dewey and Captain Chichester.

In addition to the unimpeachable source from which I hold this matter, my personal knowledge of Mr. Andrew D. White and his Germanophile leanings leads me to believe in the inherent probability of this story, without, however, attaching thereto any deep political conception on his part of its possible consequences. The fact that Mr. White was shortly afterwards recalled by the United States Government would tend to show that he had allowed his personal sympathies to outrun that discretion which the cooler heads of Washington deemed necessary in the responsible person of a United States ambassador.

As in the present war the President of the United States sent a confidential agent to Europe on a mission outside the official lines of diplomacy, so also in the course of the Spanish-American War President McKinley entrusted with a similar mission a gentleman whose name, unfortunately, has escaped me. He was staying in Berlin, and my friend, Professor Hans Delbrück, gave a dinner in his honour, to which I also received an invitation. It turned out to be one of the most

memorable dinner parties I ever attended, for it included representatives of the Germany I had known from my youth upwards and several of a very different type, destined to do their share in bringing about the present catastrophe and concerning whose identity the outer world is still imperfectly informed.

The guests, as I recall them, included Professor Schmoller, Professor Adolf Harnack, Professor Schiemann and Admiral von Tirpitz, and it would be difficult to imagine a gathering more suggestive of coming events—as well as of the scathing indictment of the character of the German professor contained in Schopenhauer's famous essay, "Ueber die Universitäts Philosophie" (Schopenhauer's Werke, Vol. V.). Harnack was and still is the Court-favoured Lutheran theologian, a voluminous writer on the historical aspect of God's word. Loaded with Imperial favours, the coveted title of "Excellency" thrown in, highly esteemed by our own Cambridge and Oxford dons, and yet an ominous type in times of stress and danger. Heinrich Heine, no mean authority, tells us that "in Germany it is the theologians who put an end to God, who finish off the Deity."

In Professor Schiemann and Admiral von Tirpitz I met two men who were destined to exercise a far greater influence on future developments than could have been foreseen at that time; both typical "Baltians" (natives of the Baltic

provinces); one a born Russian subject, therefore a renegade! The term "Baltian" as used in this connection may be worthy of a word of elucidation, for recent facts in history are easily overlooked, and the Russian renegade Baltians have played a big part in the upheaval in Germany. Racial psychology teaches us that under certain favourable conditions the blending of races is apt to produce desirable results. This was one of Bismarck's pet themes. But the very opposite may be said to be the product of undesirable elements. Some of the worst Prussian camarilla chiefs have been drawn from the Prussian nobility of the Baltic provinces. The Baltic amalgam is only too apt to accentuate the cunning, the astuteness of the Slav, added to the less desirable qualities of the low-grade Teuton. It was this particular mongrel Slavonic and Teuton type which Napoleon I. probably had in mind when he said of the Emperor Alexander I.: "Il m'a triché comme un Grec du Bas Empire" (meaning the Empire of Byzance).

It is not generally known, or, if known, has long since passed from public memory, that Russia started a gigantic house-cleaning in the 'eighties. It took the form of the so-called Russification of the Russian Baltic provinces. In default of exact knowledge, we are bound to assume that the Russian Government had weighty reasons for an action which provoked an explosion of fierce denunciation in Germany and Liberal resentment in England and elsewhere. Among other means

employed was a systematic elimination of the German element from the Russian schools and universities in those provinces. This brought about the ejectment of a number of professors of German origin but of Russian birth and nationality, hitherto earning their livelihood in Russia, and who were in reality Russian subjects. They sought refuge in Germany, and have since formed one of the most active anti-Russian influences in intellectual Germany. The Harnack family is one of the most notable among these, for not only its present representatives, but their father was born in Russia. Professor Theodor Schiemann, however, may fairly claim to be the most typical of them all. His contributions for years past to the *Kreuz Zeitung* and diverse German monthlies, combined with the favour he was supposed to enjoy with the Emperor, stamp him as one of those men who have contributed their share to bring about the mental conditions favourable to the present war. Our newspaper oracles have often referred to Schiemann as the "Emperor's political adviser"; all that could be shown in proof, however, was that Professor Schiemann had been one of the occasional guests that His Majesty had invited on his yachting excursions. The German Baltic element does not bear a particularly favourable reputation, but Professor Schiemann—since a German Privy Councillor, a post which he owed, I believe, to the favour of the Emperor, for so far as I know his main

activity has always been that of a polemical journalist—was born a Russian subject, and educated at the Russian University of Dorpat. What is the nature of his leanings may be gathered from his writings, which are intensely anti-Russian. They are those of a renegade. The "Diaries of Victor Hehn,"[1] a gifted writer, also born a Russian subject, which Schiemann published, form the most malicious libel on the Russian national character which has ever appeared in any language.

I once drew the attention of Prince Bülow to the dangerous nature of this man's writings, as regards his rabid Russophobe and Anglophobe propaganda. The Prince replied that he never looked at his articles once in six months. Still, the easy-going English newspaper correspondents in Berlin continued to quote Schiemann's articles and dub him the political adviser of the Emperor, without apparently being aware of the contradiction between this assumption and that which credited perfect independence of judgment to His Majesty. There can be little doubt to-day that the astute Professor trimmed his sails with exact knowledge of how the Imperial wind was blowing, when from one year's end to the other he preached hatred of Russia and enmity to England.

Seated between men of this type Professor Delbrück has often come to my mind as a lamb

[1] De Moribus Ruthenorum, Zur Charakteristik der rüssischen Volksseele von Victor Hehn. Theodor Schiemann, Stuttgart, 1892.

between wolves. As one who had been tutor in the Imperial Family without degenerating into a sycophant, in an official position a professor of history in the Berlin University, and yet fearlessly outspoken in his criticism of leanings prevailing in high places—and who was incapable of falsehood and deceit or meanness—he had proved his independence of character. No wonder such a man was scoffed at as unpractical, as a mere child, etc. A man incapable of falsehood, servility, or deceit, a gentleman, a child indeed, in such company! But even he, I fear, has not been immune against the influences of his surroundings. Having known Delbrück personally for over twenty-five years, I cannot otherwise account for his having allowed himself to be carried away during the Boer War to the extent of declaring in the *North American Review* that the German Emperor would only "hold back the Germans as long as he was able" from taking part in the South African War on the side of the Boers! And this although, in his more normal frame of mind, he had openly and repeatedly warned his countrymen that if Germany were to attempt to play the part of Napoleon I., she would inevitably rouse united Europe against her and share his fate!

To-day my old friend figures as a milestone on the road Germany has traversed since Bismarck's death. For if such a man as he could declare that Germany could not exist without increased facilities for her trade, and shout for

more markets, though fully conscious that the whole of the British Empire was freely open to German commerce and German shipping—what was to be expected from the less intelligent and, above all, the less honest elements which have contributed to bring about the present pandemonium?

On my return to London from Berlin I found the Spanish-American War the most alluring topic of conversation among journalists, while different aspects of the conflict were of absorbing interest to specialists. Naval theories were being put to the proof after a long period in which fighting-ships had been developed with little or no practical test of their qualities. Interest in naval questions had been stimulated by the writings of Captain Mahan, to whom it had been left to demonstrate on theoretical lines the enormous importance of sea-power. The war had shown the naval incompetence of Spain, sadly fallen from the days when her sailors were able to challenge the world. But the very weakness of the Spanish fleet in the actual fighting had prevented a solution of many problems, although it had clearly shown that the undergunned ship has practically no chance whatever against a vessel armed with heavier artillery, and it had given a new importance to the torpedo.

Therefore I interested myself in approaching some British naval authorities for an interpretation of the lessons taught by the fights at sea. Some

of these are interesting even to-day. Lord Charles Beresford (now Lord Beresford) showed, as might have been expected, a real shrewdness in the capacity of a prophet. He dwelt particularly on the importance of the torpedo:

"The one thing which I think our Government has done well is that they have created a regular squadron of torpedo destroyers. For although the present war has not yet afforded us an adequate scope for judging of the effect of torpedoes—for they have been hardly used at all—there can be no doubt in my mind that the most recent invention, the gyroscope, has rendered the mobile torpedo a hundred times more formidable than before. The future will see whole squadrons of torpedoes fitted with this ingenious mechanism [the gyroscope] let loose upon the enemy, and if only one out of many strikes a ship it will be all up with her. Hence the growing importance of the torpedo and *per contra* of the torpedo destroyer."

The late Admiral Close, whom I also consulted, dwelt especially upon the importance of heavy guns—thus anticipating the great change which marked the Dreadnought era. "Why, the Americans beat us at sea in 1812-13 because their guns were heavier than ours," he said. He pointed out, too, that the Spaniards had not learned the lesson that all wood was a danger to ships of war, although wood had been discarded in our own Navy. Even so, one may add in

parenthesis, the present war has shown that battleships and cruisers still remain combustible when exposed to the terrific temperatures of high explosives.

More interesting than the naval questions, however, were the proposals put forward for a closer political union between Great Britain and the United States. The latter emerged from the war as a Colonial Power, with new responsibilities outside its own immediate boundaries and consequently new questions in both its home and its foreign politics. The movement for a more definite alliance came to nothing at the moment, but it enlisted great sympathy in England. The late Duke of Argyll, then Marquis of Lorne, and only recently returned from serving as Governor-General of Canada, wrote to me:

"I always have worked for a thorough understanding with the United States, and hope to do so during the rest of my days. Great common interests unite us and nothing that rises above the level of comparative trifles divides us. In China, for instance, at the present moment, we have vast mutual interests, and we should push along together there and elsewhere."

As might have been expected, the notable divines were even more keenly interested than the politicians. Dr. Creighton, then Bishop of London, whom I had met on several occasions, embodied his views in a letter which betrayed foresight as well as high aspirations. He said:

"The future will not be so much occupied with nations as with the civilising ideas which they contribute to the world's progress. The question for us is: What will be the future of the civilising ideas which are common to English-speaking peoples? Local forms and modifications are of little moment. The important thing is the value of the ideas themselves. England and the United States have a common heritage of primary principles which mark them off from other peoples. They are, as a matter of fact, indissolubly united. Proposals of closer friendship merely recognise this fact. Two peoples can help one another to understand better the principles which they already possess in common, and apply them more freely to new questions as they arise.

"Both peoples must acquire greater sympathy, greater versatility, if they are to extend their civilising power. These are qualities which they can teach one another. The future of the world depends upon good understanding between England and the United States. If they cannot teach one another, how are they to teach other people?

"M. London."

That most eloquent of English churchmen, Dr. Boyd Carpenter, at that time Bishop of Ripon, expressed his views in the following letter:

"I am rejoiced to notice all the symptoms of a better understanding between the United States

of America and this country. I trust the cordial feelings which now exist may be strengthened and extended as the years move on. I can foresee much and lasting good from such a friendship, and believe all those seeking to promote it are working toward an end which will bring good to mankind and to all who are engaged in this work. I would say 'Go on, in the name of the brotherhood of peace.'

"W. B. RIPON.

"*The Palace, Ripon,*
"*July 24th,* 1898."

Many other divines helped in the discussion, but, alas! their views are of little significance to-day and are certainly not worth reproduction here.

At one last point I came into personal touch with the war, for when peace was finally proclaimed, after negotiations in Paris, I was presented with a box of the cigars distributed on the occasion—cigars which linger in my memory as the best that I have smoked, appropriately enough, as the war had decided the future ownership of the most important tobacco-producing islands of the world.

CHAPTER VIII

BISMARCK'S DEATH

In July, 1898, it was reported that Bismarck was seriously ill—he was then in his 84th year—and as several previous rumours had been current, the report did not excite so much attention in journalistic circles as might otherwise have been the case. Surely enough there came news of a distinct improvement in the Prince's condition, and I received a request from Mr. Bennett to proceed to Friedrichsruh to report, as it was hoped, on Bismarck's recovery.

I started at once, only to find on my arrival, on the morning of the 31st of July, that the great statesman had passed away in the course of the preceding night. As I had got to know the Prince as a private individual and had always been treated as a friend, I did not venture to trespass on the privacy of the family as correspondent of a newspaper on the look out for news. Thus I stayed at the little railway inn, and spent the day in the company of other journalists bent on the same errand. About five o'clock next morning I was awakened by a voice loudly calling my name outside my open bedroom window. It was Professor

Schweninger, Bismarck's physician. He had heard by chance of my arrival, and urged me to get up and follow him. He took me through the grounds of the Schloss, past the cuirassiers who stood with drawn swords as a guard at the entrance of the house, into the room where Bismarck lay dead on his bed. Two of Bismarck's gamekeepers, in grey uniform, were seated, one at the head and the other at the foot of the bed. In the course of my conversation with Schweninger, dealing with the illness and the last hours of the Prince, he vented his indignation over what he termed the "vile calumnies" that had been heaped upon the head of his great patient by his enemies in the German Press. It had been stated that Bismarck had become a morphinist in his last years, that, too, he had given way to an over-indulgence in alcohol, and that in his last illness he had really been suffering from dropsy as a consequence of his excesses. Every item, Schweninger assured me, was a baseless falsehood. "I am glad you have come," he continued, "for I want to have a reliable independent witness in case their vile calumnies should crop up again. You must know that if the Prince had suffered from dropsy his appearance would be very different from what it is as he lies there. This is why I wanted you to take a last look at him."

Later in the day I received a message from Prince Herbert Bismarck, asking me to come to the house, where he and all the family were

assembled. He greeted me as a welcome friend. I spent several days at Friedrichsruh, sending an account of what took place to the *Herald*. Bismarck's son absolutely refused to admit anybody but the servants of the house and a few tried friends of the family to take a last farewell look at the dead statesman. Of the latter there cannot be more than half a dozen alive to-day in a world which for nearly a generation was filled with his name.

The German Emperor was on his way back from his annual holiday in Norway, and had announced his immediate arrival by telegram, together with an offer of a State funeral. But the family abhorred the notion of State funerals, a subject on which Bismarck had often cracked his jokes, and the sons refused the Emperor William's honour point-blank on the plea that their father had decided that his place of interment should be where he had spent the last days of his life. An unpleasant surprise awaited the War Lord on his arrival, of which I was an eye-witness; for Bismarck's sons, as well as his son-in-law, Count Rantzau, received the Emperor in black evening-dress, whereas the etiquette of clothes—for which there has never been a more meticulous stickler than His Imperial Majesty—would have required that they should appear in their respective uniforms. But a crowning rebuff was in store for the All Highest Monarch, who had evidently expected that he would be allowed to take a last look at the

man to whom he owed the dazzling position of himself and his family in the world. But no, this was denied him. The coffin was already closed. That such a slight administered to an all-powerful autocrat should have excited as little comment as it did, seems to me at this distance of time to have been one among many other ominous signs of the growing worship of mere worldly glamour which has made the whole world more or less an accomplice in the vulgar idolatry, the penalty for which the living are now paying in tears and blood.

Imbued with the conviction that if Bismarck had lived and still been in power this war would not only never have taken place, but would never have been contemplated nor its sinister preparations been allowed to come to maturity, I make no apology for reproducing the following tribute which I wrote for Mr. Garvin on the occasion of the Prince's centenary. I do this despite the fact that we are now at war with the country whose greatness he had created and whose moral downfall his successors have iniquitously brought about. A foreboding of such an end embittered the last days of his life, as it did those of his son Herbert, who prematurely followed him to the grave:

"I made Bismarck's acquaintance in the spring of 1891, when I was his guest for several days at his country seat in the village of Friedrichsruh. I visited him again in October of the

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PRINCE VON BISMARCK

same year, at Varzin, his estate in Pomerania. In the following January, in May, and again in July, I was his guest, and subsequently on several occasions down to his death in July, 1898.

"Macaulay says of the elder Pitt that he was one of the few—perhaps the only one—of the really great men of history who was not simple and genuine in his manner. He had something of the poseur, the histrionic in his composition. Macaulay evidently intended to convey that true greatness is almost invariably allied to simplicity and sincerity in private life.

"Whatever may have been the characteristics of Bismarck the statesman—he himself repeatedly said that politics spoilt a man's character and deplored the amount of human misery his life's work had entailed—those who came into personal contact with him, whatever their position in life, have been almost unanimous in their testimony to the charm which he exercised over them. His friend Motley, the American historian, was one of the earliest to enlighten the world in this respect; but the late Mr. G. W. Smalley, the distinguished American journalist, is a more recent, and in some respects a more unbiased, witness. Mr. Smalley knew almost every English and American statesman of his time, and his whole bent of mind leant in favour of Anglo-Saxon types of character above all others. And yet he paid the following tribute to the great German: 'Bismarck had, more than any man I

have met, the manner of the *grand seigneur*, in which distinction of bearing and a grave, even gentle, courtesy went together.'

"This was in the autumn of 1866, shortly after the battle of Sadowa. But Mr. Smalley met Bismarck again in 1893, and what such an acute observer said twenty-two years ago is of portentous significance to-day: 'There can be no question of the change that is going on; of the decay of the principles and methods of political action under which Prussia has grown to be what she is, and by virtue of which the German Empire was called into being. No question, either, that the change is due to Prince Bismarck's fall, to the elimination of the most experienced statesman in Europe from kingly and Imperial councils, and to the unchecked conduct of affairs by a young Emperor who has little experience and in whom the want of real political capacity is coupled with the most energetic self-confidence known to mankind.' . . .

"Pointing to the Nemesis which ever dogs ingratitude, Mr. Smalley adds: 'The most cruel fate one can wish to the present Emperor is that he should some day look at his conduct to Prince Bismarck in the light of what Prince Bismarck has done for him and for Germany.'"

When, some fourteen years ago, I published "My Personal Reminiscences of Prince Bismarck" a London review expressed the opinion that I had ingratiated myself into his favour by

flattery. I should say that few men have been so impervious to the sycophant as Bismarck. It is true that an essay of mine dealing with his career had been incorporated in the Prussian school-books; but he himself assured me that what had more particularly interested him in my book "Imperial Germany" was the chapter entitled "The Philistine," in which, in order to balance my appreciation of German achievements, I had dilated upon some of the more uncongenial features of the German character.

"I cannot make out," Bismarck said to me, "how you could possibly have gained so intimate a knowledge of our failings. In reading your pages it seemed to me as if you might have lived in my immediate surroundings and been witness to all the envy, hatred and malice to which I have been exposed on the part of my neighbours. They could never forgive me for what they termed 'having got on in the world.'"

"I once belonged to a club," I replied, "the members of which were devoted to horse-racing. Now, although there was no particular reason to credit them individually with more than average intelligence, they had concentrated their minds so intensively on everything connected with horses that they attained to the proficiency of horse-dealers in their judgment of such matters. I have always had a similar strong leaning for the study of men."

"Then all I can say," Bismarck replied, with

a wistful smile, "is that you are a good horse-dealer in men!"

Bismarck used to illustrate the plight in which he found the Prussian monarchy on his appointment as Prussian Prime Minister by a droll story. "Yes," he said, "I found Royalty in a bad way; it was too weak for what is required under our monarchical conditions. Now and then I fancy I have been the means of making it too powerful, at least for the time being. Have you ever heard the story of the rider who could not get on his horse, and called upon his patron saint to help him into the saddle?"

I pleaded ignorance.

"Well," Bismarck continued, "the patron saint came to his assistance and gave him such a powerful lift up that he vaulted clean over the saddle on to the other side of his steed. 'Gently, don't be so violent!' cried the horseman. That, you see, was something like my action with regard to Royalty. I now and then fancy I may have been too violent!"

Bismarck had a strong antipathy for the arrogance of the military element; what he used to call the "troupier." But far more sinister than military arrogance in his eyes was the tendency to intrigue of ambitious soldiers. The late Count Waldersee, Moltke's successor, embodied this; and of him Bismarck said to me: "He cannot live outside the rays of the sun of Imperial grace."

The Boycotting of Bismarck

During one of my visits a particularly offensive article appeared in a German newspaper regarding Bismarck, and it was discussed one day by the family in my presence. "If I have ever taken action on a personal defamation," Bismarck said, "it was invariably because I saw myself attacked in my official capacity. Never have I taken any notice of such things on personal grounds. But as this goes a little beyond the permissible, I will think carefully over what course I may take."

This was about the time when even the French were surprised at the German official boycotting of Bismarck. Paul de Cassagnac, the fiery Bonapartist journalist, wrote in his newspaper, *Le Pays*, with regard to this very matter: "Really the Germans are not a great nation. If we had had such a man in France, we would have built him a temple reaching up to the skies."

In spite of his sensitive, irritable temperament, Bismarck had a dislike for extravagance in language and action: true to Talleyrand's dictum, "Tout ce qui est exagéré est insignifiant." Even in moments of extreme tension he instinctively kept himself under control. Thus when, a few days after the battle of Gravelotte, in which his son Herbert was dangerously wounded, he received a letter from his wife urging him to destroy the French with fire and sword, he was annoyed, and turned to Count Hatzfeldt, who told me the episode many years afterwards, say-

ing : " My wife will yet end by making me do the French a good turn."

The shouting applause of the crowd had no charms for Bismarck. He used to say that if he had failed they would have crowded to see him hanged. And yet he was sensible of a touch of human nature in its humblest representative. He used to tell me that the Russian peasant was often a born gentleman; and on one occasion I was present at Kissingen when he entered into a friendly conversation with a Polish Jew rabbi, whose demonstrative salutation had impressed him by its sincerity. " It is a high honour for me to drink out of the same cup with a brave soldier," he said to a wounded French soldier at Gravelotte, as he bent over him, handed him his drinking-flask, and emptied it after him.

I should like to protest against the supposition that Bismarck had ever been at heart an enemy of England or that English responsible Ministers in his time had ever considered him to be such. Bismarck believed that the interests of Germany and England need never collide. Even to-day it may not be supererogatory to repeat the assertion that there was never anything in Bismarck's aims which implied a serious menace to British interests. Many passages in his reminiscences and of his recorded conversations support this interpretation, whilst in neither is there anything I am acquainted with which could lend countenance to the contrary view. I have recently seen a statement

that Bismarck's diplomacy in connection with the acquisition of Germany's African Colonies had a deal to do with creating a strong feeling of antagonism to England in Germany, and I can well believe it to be the case. But this does not imply that he would ever have sanctioned its going to the lengths we have witnessed, and he alone had the power to curb its extravagance.

I was present when he made, like many others, some comments on the Jameson Raid, but they were not based on petty spite or enmity to England; whereas he certainly would never have sanctioned the sending of the outrageous Kruger telegram had he been in office.

Bismarck was more anxious for the internal consolidation than for the external expansion of Germany. He did not believe that Germany could not prosper without a great Colonial Empire, nor that a fleet rivalling that of Great Britain and threatening the very existence of England, was necessary for the protection of Germany's commerce, which had the free run of the British Empire. He was quite content to let France and Italy colonise North Africa, and even encouraged both of them to do so.

King Edward, I know on unquestionable authority, harboured feelings of friendly admiration for Bismarck, and never, down to the very last, let his birthday pass without sending him a warm congratulatory telegram; and the same applies to the Empress Frederick. When per-

sonal dissonances between England and Germany became accentuated after Bismarck's death, King Edward would say to intimate friends: "We didn't mind putting up with this or that from Bismarck, but we will not take it from his successors."

King Edward also had a friendly appreciation for Herbert Bismarck, in spite of the stormy incident in 1898 mentioned in Prince Hohenlohe's Memoirs. I possess a photograph of Herbert Bismarck in a dragoon uniform which he had specially taken in the year 1892 at the wish of the then Prince of Wales. Both Lord Salisbury and Lord Rosebery were warm admirers of Prince Bismarck; the latter even stood godfather to Herbert Bismarck's son. On the other hand, it is not out of place to put on record that no similar personal relationship has existed since between English and German statesmen.

As a conclusive proof of Bismarck's supreme wish to stand well with England, I can vouch for the following. His last verbal instructions to German diplomatic representatives abroad, more particularly to the Consuls in India and in Egypt —where, since his day, German intrigue has been rampant—often terminated in the words: "Do all in your power to keep up good relationship with the English. You need not even use a secret cipher in cabling. We have nothing to conceal from the English, for it would be the greatest possible folly for us to antagonise England."

Indeed, there can scarcely be a people for whose standards of life Bismarck felt greater respect than the English, and none on whose friendship—not even that of Russia, to whom, after all, Germany was indebted for neutrality during the wars of 1866 and 1870—he set a higher value.

Difficult as it may be for Englishmen to recognise to-day, there can be little doubt that, whatever may have been the ruggedness in the form, there was always a red thread of sanity and moderation traceable in the spirit of Bismarck's dealings with foreign countries. The best proof of this lies in the confidence which he enjoyed abroad, which even extended to the German Ambassadors who had been appointed by him. To-day it is scarcely remembered that whereas Bismarck's dismissal was hailed in Germany with a feeling of relief, it was a source of anxiety among Europe's responsible statesmen, and nowhere more so than in France and England, for he enjoyed the fullest confidence among men of responsible position in almost every country. The amount of moral capital embodied in that simple word " confidence " is being brought home to the world at the present moment. This is it which has been lost and will have to be regained if Germany is ever to resume the position she held in the world in Bismarck's time. Let the German Press rail at those who were once honoured by Bismarck's friendship, and who now deplore the fate which has overtaken Germany by flouting his

warnings. But what would he himself have said had he lived to see his life's work put in jeopardy!

As everything authentic, however trifling, connected with this historical figure is likely to remain of permanent interest, I make free to deal with a matter concerning which some curious misconceptions still exist: Bismarck's attitude towards the Press and journalists generally. If anybody enjoyed his confidence and friendship, the fact of his being a journalist—or for the matter of that a tinker or a tailor—did not detract from his regard. Do we not know that a President of the United States had been a tailor, and used to boast of it: "When I was a tailor I was a good tailor"?

On the other hand, being a journalist was no passport to Bismarck's favour any more than being a Prince, even a ruling Prince. He would make no scruples in utilising the services of the most obscure scribe to further political interests, but he stopped short of recognising the representative of the most powerful newspaper of the world if it were to obtain his personal good will. One of Bismarck's sincere admirers wrote a life of the Prince which was boomed in England and America for perhaps more than it was worth, yet the journalist author was never able to obtain a single personal interview with Bismarck, either during his tenure of office or afterwards, in the course of years of untiring effort in that direction.

Bismarck and the Hyphenates

Bismarck's estimate of his own journalistic minions may be gleaned from a remark which he made to me at Kissingen in July of 1892 concerning the official Press of Berlin: "These dogs whom I have taught to bark think they can intimidate me."

After Bismarck's retirement he received many journalists, though not without distinct discrimination; but there were days on which his doors were closed to the Press. On his 78th birthday (1893) I was present when the representative of the *New York Herald* was even refused admittance to the house, although he had brought a recommendation direct from Mr. James Gordon Bennett and pleaded that the German-Americans —of whom we have heard so much of late as the Hyphenates—were anxious to obtain a first-hand account of the birthday festivities. Herbert Bismarck turned to me and said: "As for the German-Americans, let them stay where they are. They have chosen the country to which they belong. My father does not care for their belated devotion." Bismarck scorned that personal adulation which has become a sure passport to favour in high places since his day.

One little incident at the festivities which took place on the occasion of his 80th birthday seems to fall within the scope of the present pages. I had undertaken to send an account of the proceedings to the *New York Herald*, and this kept me to and fro between the telegraph station and

the Schloss during the whole day. I was again engaged at the telegraph wires at dinner time. When I put in my belated appearance in the drawing-room, I was agreeably surprised to find that a set meal had been specially reserved for me in the dining-room, after which I spent one of the many delightful evenings I was privileged to pass in the company of the Bismarck family.

I may be permitted here one personal note which has a direct bearing on my relations with Bismarck and his family. Immediately after the outbreak of the present war I had contributed an article to the *Fortnightly Review* dealing with the situation, in which I drew a parallel with the American War of Secession, and predicted that, as in that case, it would probably be a long struggle *à outrance*. I was bitterly attacked in various German newspapers, among others in an important German organ which, in days of sanity, had been remarkable for the reliability of its news and the general fairness of its comment. It was stated that, after posing for many years as a friend of Germany, and one of Bismarck's in particular, I had changed my views when personal gain of a base pecuniary nature from adherence to them was no longer to be reaped. I have adequately explained elsewhere the alteration in my estimate of Germany. The Germany of my youth had passed through an evolution. The men who then guided its destinies were those who had raised it to power in Europe. They were marked

by great simplicity of character and by no ignoble ambition. But for the most part they were now old men, and as they died out new ideals began to assert themselves among the German people, new leaders arose, new teachers filled the colleges, the pulpits, and the Press. Almost imperceptibly the character of a people was changed, and Germany was made ripe for an aggressive challenge to the world.

Russia adhered through two centuries to what is believed to have been Peter the Great's last injunction left for her future guidance. Germany could not await Bismarck's death before her ruler openly disregarded the warnings contained in his final "Reflections." Many a time I have heard Herbert Bismarck declare in his father's presence that Germany, at last united, was now what he termed a "saturated" country; that is to say, a country complete in itself, whose principal aim was to weld together and hold what had been won, not to jeopardise her existence by playing a "brilliant second" to Austria's ambitions towards the Ægean, let alone to challenge Great Britain's very existence on the sea. The former danger was lucidly and repeatedly set forth in Bismarck's "Reflections," only to be disregarded. Of almost equal significance in view of the present war is the well authenticated fact that Bismarck vehemently repudiated the thought of ever waging, what he termed, a preventive war—the responsibility for which, he declared, he could never accept towards

his God. And yet to have done this is the only justification which Germany has been able to bring for having deluged the world in blood.

They slander Bismarck's memory as a statesman who would associate him with the recent developments of policy and character in the German Empire. They libel him as a man even more when they suggest that he would have expected a friend who had taken and eaten his salt and enjoyed his confidence to be untrue to himself and to be false to his own country. I am an Englishman, and Prince Bismarck would have been the last man in the world to expect that a citizen of another country could sacrifice a shade of his devotion to his native land because he had been honoured in Germany. The mere suspicion that a man was capable of such apostasy would have closed at once his door and his heart to such a being. This is my answer to those anonymous libellers of the German Press, and at that I leave the subject.

If there was one man more than another in Germany who would have had contempt for those who turned against their own country in its peril it was Bismarck. He would never have forgiven that neurasthenic bookworm, Houston Chamberlain, for flattering the diseased vanity of the Germans, besides reviling and slandering the country of his birth to her enemies. Bismarck's sense of humour and sanity would have made him reject the yeasty, fermented productions of

this super-excitable personage. How Bismarck was capable of respecting an enemy, even when that enemy had bested him, is conclusively shown in the case of Count d'Hérisson, who by a ruse deceived Bismarck over the surrender of the French flags at the capitulation of Paris. When Count d'Hérisson, many years afterwards, published his version of the incident, doubts were expressed in the German Press of the truth of the story, according to which Bismarck had been grossly duped by the Count. Bismarck not only went out of his way to confirm Count d'Hérisson's version, but did so in a manner which implied that he respected the French officer as a patriot for his exploit and gave him full credit for its success.

CHAPTER IX

AFTER LEAVING THE "HERALD"

In 1898 a piece of work I was doing in Scotland proved to be my last job for the *Herald*—at least, for several years to come. Mr. Bennett had placed before me the alternative of either transferring my *penates* to Berlin, and becoming the regular correspondent of the *Herald* there, or retiring from the paper altogether, unless I cared to continue as occasional contributor. He said that the *Herald* had many thousands of German readers in America. They knew that I had been a personal friend of Prince Bismarck, and thus my contributions on German affairs would possess an assured interest for them; whereas, in order to continue to represent the *Herald* in London, I should be called upon to write a weekly so-called "London Letter" for the New York paper—a task with which, as I had never been in America, I was scarcely qualified to deal in the spirit required.

The proposal did not commend itself to me, so I reluctantly laid down the lute upon which, as a humble performer in the great orchestra of world publicity, I had piped lustily for several years. For there had been a certain fascination

in the knowledge that the words I was putting on the wires would perhaps be read by many thousands of readers at breakfast tables the other side of the world. It was the exhilarating feeling of taking an active part in the life of one's time, even though only as a diligent wielder of the pen, and it contrasted sharply with the sudden change of being thrown back into obscurity, an inarticulate cipher in the crowd.

Next to statesmanship, law and medicine, journalism is probably the walk of life which brings us into closest contact with the frailties clinging to a gigantic social organism bent on the gratification of vanity and ambition. Many are the opportunities afforded to the journalist on the staff of a great newspaper to probe the various make-believes that lie hidden beneath the surface of our society. Thus I was to some extent able to understand the contempt which a Prime Minister is said to feel for human nature after he has left the helm and enjoys the leisure to survey and review his experiences *à froid*. Curiously enough a final incident connected with my work on the *Herald* was calculated to emphasise this feeling.

One morning I received a telegram urging me to call immediately at a house in Belgravia on a most urgent matter. On arrival I was shown into the dining-room, of which the blinds were drawn, although it was broad daylight. After being kept waiting some time a middle-aged lady in deep mourning entered the room, and without any

further preamble informed me that she had just lost her grandmother. Her own mother was prostrated with grief and thus unable to see me, but she wished to convey this intelligence to the *New York Herald.* I was about to take my leave when the lady asked me to wait a few moments, and left the room. On her return she held up a scrapbook and told me that it was her mother's most precious possession, and as she was unable to see me herself owing to her being prostrated with grief, she had decided to entrust it to my care, as she thought it might be of use in communicating with the *Herald;* but I was to be sure to return it safely, as it was of priceless value to her. I replied that under the circumstances I would rather not run any risks by taking it, the less so as I felt sure I could carry out her mother's wishes without any further information. Here the lady again asked me to excuse her, and once more left the room. On her return she informed me that although her mother was still prostrated with grief, she had, after all, decided to make an effort to see me, if I would follow her. She led me into another dark room, with curtains drawn over the windows, in which an old and enamelled woman lay stretched on the sofa. She apologised for receiving me thus, and again protested that she was "prostrated with grief," a bit of information which she wanted me to convey to the *Herald.*

On my way home I cast a glance at the contents of the queer volume entrusted to my

care. It was an old, soiled scrapbook, and contained a number of discoloured newspaper cuttings recording the social triumphs during the long life of the lady whom I had just left.

My personal connections had been bound up for many years with the Continent, and I was little more than a stranger in the country of my birth, where journalism had suddenly lifted me up into prominence; whereas abroad, where I had made a name as a writer of serious books and had enjoyed the friendship of a number of eminent men, I had somewhat lost caste by descending to the status of a "reporter" of an American paper.

The sense of pleasure in again feeling one's own personality, and in no longer being a unit in the vast machine which informs and guides public opinion, was not unmixed with some feeling of freedom from the necessity of doing everything at high pressure. The wear of the life of the journalist will be understood from the following anecdote:

One of the big guns of the *Herald* came to see me in London on his way to New York. "I am off to Ireland for a few days," he said. "What makes you dart off there?" I asked. "Oh," he replied, "I want to have a few days of unfettered freedom away beyond the reach of a cable from Mr. Bennett before I start for America. You have no idea of the nervous strain of living at one end of a telegraph wire with Mr. Bennett at the other; for in New York there is a telephone

at my very bedside. In Ireland he will not be able to reach me, as he does not know my address." The hand of Dr. Hepworth, my companion in Armenia, would shake when opening a telegram from the chief.

Thus there were compensations in leaving the *Herald*. I had regained my freedom, though it meant a fresh start in life in middle age. I was now once more in the self-reliant position so graphically set forth in Molière's "Misanthrope" where Alceste gives his reasons for declining a post at Court:

> *"On n'a point à souffrir mille rebuts cruels,*
> *On n'a point à louer les vers de messieurs tels,*
> *A donner de l'encens à madame une telle,*
> *Et de nos francs marquis essuyer la cervelle."*

At least, I was no longer obliged to seek interviews and intercourse with highly placed officials to the neglect of those whose company I might have preferred. Some years afterwards, on a private visit to Constantinople, I met the German Ambassador, the late Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, at the Palace, and he asked me why I had not called upon him. I replied that I had so often been obliged to intrude upon ambassadors as correspondent of the *New York Herald* that I was thankful to be able to leave them alone now that I was again my own master.

Talking over my having left the *Herald* one day with that genial American journalist, the late Mr. Julian Ralph, he said to me: "My dear

Whitman, do not be under any illusion; you have been guilty of the most heinous of crimes. The penalty in your case is the severance of your connection with the *Herald*. You were dealing with an autocrat who had set his heart on sending you to Berlin, and by your refusal to go there you have reminded him that he is mortal and not omnipotent. For this offence there can be no condonation or forgiveness. It is a severance for ever." I am thankful to say that this distressing forecast did not prove to be correct, as will be apparent later on. Indeed, so recently as in April, 1916, I received a most courteously worded cable from Mr. Bennett, asking me whether I would be willing to go to Ireland to deal with the situation there. Nor did my personal relations with him suffer to any great extent, for he has sent me the Paris *Herald* every day down to this very morning. Once when the paper ceased coming, and I wrote drawing his attention to the deprivation involved in the sudden break in what had become a congenial habit of reading the paper, he replied most graciously explaining that it was all due to a mistake which should not occur again.

During the following years I devoted myself to authorship, besides now and then contributing to English, American and German magazines. On several occasions I also acted as intermediary between distinguished German writers and English and American magazines, an activity which, in

view of recent developments, I can only look back upon with mixed feelings. Among these were the military writer, Fritz Hönig, whose books, I understand, are still accepted as works of authority among English military writers; Professor Adolph Wagner, lecturer on Political Economy at Berlin University, who has since become a bitter Anglophobe; and my friend Professor Hans Delbrück; but most distinguished of all, Theodor Mommsen, who had always refused to write for any English or American periodical, and in acceding to my request in this instance declined all remuneration. I am happy to say that I was also instrumental on a few other occasions in securing recognition for English writers in Germany.

From my boyhood upward I had been in touch with Continental intellectual life, and with an inherited interest in European history I had always deplored the ignorance prevailing among the British public with regard to German history and the more serious German historical writers. I approached the publishing Press and suggested translations of the more solid works of writers such as Treitschke, Sybel, Gustav Freytag, and Johannes Scherr's works—books which are full of interesting instructive and historical matter—but only to meet with refusals. This, as I was destined to find out, was not due to any lack of enterprise on the part of the London publishing world, but to the hopeless lack of interest of the British public in any work which was not by an English author

of established reputation and was not boomed as such for all it was worth. Thus it was the authority and not the subject itself which interested and ensured recognition. When I think of the tons of German stuff of overrated, ephemeral, or antiquated character which have been foisted on to the English public in editions of thousands since the beginning of the war, I can only marvel at a previous indifference with regard to matters the value of a close study of which has now been brought home to us with an eloquence that refuses denial, by that most expensive of all teachers—bitter experience.

Thrown back upon my own experiences of life, I published my personal reminiscences of Prince Bismarck, which appeared simultaneously in New York, London, and in a German translation. With this exception my efforts were directed towards bringing translations of recognised contemporary German authors to the ken of English and American readers. Thus I was instrumental in the issue of an English translation of the "Reminiscences of the late King of Roumania," the late Count Yorck von Wartenburg's work on Napoleon, General Verdy du Vernois' "With the Royal Headquarters, 1870 to '71," and a volume of Heinrich von Poschinger's "Life of the Emperor Frederick," as well as a volume of the same compiler's "Bismarck's Table Talk."

With the exception of my "Reminiscences of Prince Bismarck" I do not remember that

a single one of the above brought any adequate return to its publisher. But if the pecuniary results of the King of Roumania's Reminiscences were meagre—a book of the highest political authority, which ought to be in the hands of every student of Continental history of the last fifty years[1]—it had at least the result of gaining for me the personal friendship of the late King and Queen of Roumania, which I retained down to their deaths. I have dealt fully with this most gratifying experience in my "German Memories," a chapter of which is devoted to my relations with the late King Carol and his family. If I revert to the subject on this occasion it is because among the mementoes of this connection are two signed photographs, one of herself presented to me by the Queen of Roumania, and one of her niece, the Duchesse de Vendôme, the sister of the heroic King of the Belgians, given me by her husband, both of which are reproduced in facsimile in the present volume.

My acquaintance with the Queen of Roumania —by whom I mean "Carmen Sylva," of course— resulted in a correspondence which continued with interruptions through a number of years, and out of which I have selected the following letter as typical of the tone and subject-matter of Her Majesty's communications.

[1] The only English diplomatist I ever met who told me that he had read it was the late Sir Philip O'Conor, British Ambassador at Constantinople.

THE LATE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA

Photo : De Jongh Frères.

THE DUCHESS OF VENDÔME AND MARIE LOUISE OF ORLEANS

A Letter from "Carmen Sylva"

"SINAIA, *October 21st*, 1899.

"Here is my little story. If you think it *trop peu de chose* for so large a public, I'll write another. I've got many more in my head, and I hope to gain back the easy, joyful working I was always accustomed to before too many troubles set in and took a great deal of self-confidence and invention out of me. The Muse is a very touchy lady, and won't bear a too great measure of ill-treatment. I should have sent this MS. much sooner but for my illness and the terrible anxiety for our little boy,[1] who has been at death's door with the typhus fever, and for whom we can only be free from anxiety when the fever really goes down. Please be quite honest if you think my tale not worth while, but the authenticity of it may make it more interesting than literary.

"The typewriter makes it possible to write in bed, whereto I am condemned for several weeks more. Only I'm afraid there are many more faults, and the more I get excited over my story the worse I write. So I can't send off my story before to-morrow, as there are too many faults. I thought a moment of writing it in English, to save you trouble, but I am afraid the correcting would be worse trouble to you than translating.

"One can only write well in one's own language, and more especially when your heart is full of a matter. These, my war reminiscences, move me deeply whenever I relate them; they

[1] Now Crown Prince of Roumania.

belong to the most dramatic part of my life, which has ever been very stormy from my earliest childhood upward. I read the article this morning, after I had finished it, to some of my guests, and they seemed satisfied and very much moved.

"I do so wish I might show you Sinaia, but at a brighter moment, when not the whole house is a hospital. Even Sinaia can be melancholy then. The King's mother at death's door, too! Au revoir! And write me how you like it.

"ELISABETH.

"P.S.—I am all the time afraid my work will not answer, and therefore I have begun another story directly, so that you may choose."

It afforded Her Majesty pleasure to see her work reproduced in the English language for English readers, and various were my efforts in this direction to gratify her, the pecuniary results of which she would devote to one or other of her many charitable institutions. She would tell her friends that she could, at a pinch, dispense with Queenship and earn her own living by her pen. The most successful of my efforts on her behalf was the rendering of a most striking poem on "Westminster Abbey," which I translated into English and which was published in the *Nineteenth Century* of April, 1900, over the signature of Mr. Arthur Waugh, whose assistance I had sought in turning it into faultless English verse. He had improved my version to such an extent that I

thought it more effective than the Queen's original German. Thus I did not consider myself entitled to take credit for the translation.

Although my interests in life were strenuous and various, the fascination of daily journalism, once tasted, was not so easily to be shaken off, even when it had ceased to be a regular source of income, and this although, as the historian James A. Froude had warned me years previously, it is a mill which grinds the strongest talent to powder. The old cab-horse which once bore a soldier rears up between the shafts at the sound of a passing band. So, also, after quitting the service of the *New York Herald*, I have still kept in touch with daily journalism down to the present day. More particularly the ever-recurring evidence of the extraordinary prestige which that spoilt child of journalism, "the Potsdam Prattler," enjoyed in the eyes of my English confrères often filled me with wonder and amusement. When I would remonstrate with my journalistic friends and tell them that by dealing so copiously with the German Emperor they were only encouraging his exuberant vanity—for I knew for a fact that he made a point of reading every sycophantic reference to himself in the English Press—they would reply: "He is such good copy."

On the occasion of the succession to the Principality of Lippe-Detmold (1904), when the German Emperor opposed the election of the present reigning Prince on the plea of his ineligi-

bility, owing to his "inadequacy" of birth—his mother or grandmother not having possessed the necessary quarterings—a London paper gave its opinion that the Emperor's "iron heel" would crush the Lilliput Count—for the Prince was only a titular Count prior to his accession. I pointed out that not the will of the Emperor but the law of the land would decide the matter, which, indeed, it subsequently did; for the case came before the courts and was ultimately decided in the present occupant's favour by the King of Saxony, who was appointed arbitrator.

The following autograph letters were addressed to me by the Prince in connection with the matter:

"The Palace, Detmold,
"*December 27th*, 1904.

"Honoured Mr. Sidney Whitman,—I send you my whole-hearted thanks for the newspaper cutting, as well as for the sympathy which you have so kindly extended to me during the recent months in all the proceedings which have affected me and my family in this most anxious (Schwerbewegten Zeit) period, and remain with friendly greetings.—Yours sincerely obliged,

"Leopold Count, Regent of Lippe."

More than a year afterwards, when the case had been decided against the Emperor's objections in the Count's favour, I received another autograph letter:

"DETMOLD,
"*February* 17*th*, 1906.

"MUCH HONOURED MR. WHITMAN,—You have given me great pleasure by the kind transmission of your interesting 'Reminiscences of Prince Bismarck,'' and I should like to express my warmest thanks to you for it. You have followed the fortunes of my house during the recent years with so much vivid interest that I feel impelled on this occasion to reiterate my hearty acknowledgments.—With particular regard and respect (Verehrung), I remain, ever yours sincerely obliged,

"LEOPOLD PRINCE LIPPE."

My journalistic reminiscences would be incomplete, and the gaiety of nations might suffer eclipse, if I were to omit reference to a few of the many amusing Press "howlers" in connection with German affairs which have lingered in my memory.

A London evening paper had published a paragraph describing the German Emperor as the owner of the Royal Meissen China Manufactory, commonly known as the Dresden China Works. I drew the editor's attention to the fact that the manufactory in question is a Saxon State institution, with which neither the German Emperor nor even the King of Saxony, as regards its being his own personal property, had any more direct connection than you or I. I received a most

courteous, even flattering, acknowledgment of my communication from the editor to the effect that, though he was well aware of the vast extent of my knowledge and my reliability with regard to German affairs generally, in this particular instance he could assure me that he had a special source of information of an even more exceptional nature. He begged to inform me that he knew for certain that the German Emperor and the King of Saxony were in partnership in the Royal Meissen China Works. This was almost too much of a joke, so I wrote to a friend in Dresden—a retired diplomatist who occupied an official position at the Saxon Court, *un homme d'esprit*, and a wag into the bargain—and asked him to be good enough to send me something tangible in black and white which I could use as evidence of the truth of my contention. He replied, setting forth succinctly what I had previously been well aware of, namely, that the royal porcelain manufactory of Meissen is Saxon Crown property in the same sense as many other possessions—that is to say, they are administered by the Saxon Government for the account of the State, and figure as such in the Budget of the country. So far as the factory represents an item of personal property, it has rarely ever shown any profit, and deficiencies are all made good by the State. My friend wound up with the declaration that the idea of the German Emperor having any proprietary rights or shares in the profit and loss account of the Meissen china

factory was ridiculous. The editor yielded to this last bomb-shell and promised to correct his statement, though I have never seen the withdrawal in print.

In the autumn of 1912 Prince Lichnowsky was appointed German Ambassador in London, and town gossip, to which whole columns are regularly reserved in some London papers, dealt copiously, as usual in such cases, with the Prince and his family. An evening paper, more fully posted than the rest, informed its readers that the "Old Prince"—obviously meaning the father of the Ambassador—had at one time got into trouble in Frankfort-on-the-Maine, having for some reason or other made himself *unpopular*. I ventured to draw the attention of the editor to the fact that the "Old Prince" referred to had indeed had an unfortunate experience in that city, inasmuch as he was murdered by the mob on the 18th of September, 1848—nearly twelve years before the birth of the young "Prince," the Ambassador. I added that I had never heard of a posthumous birth taking place eleven and a half years after the death of the putative father; that, moreover, the "Old Prince" only attained the somewhat early age of thirty-four, and was not the father, but the uncle of the present "Young Prince."

Meeting with such generous appreciation in our midst, it is scarcely to be wondered at that German noblemen, barons, counts, princes and princesses—most of whom pass quite unnoticed in

their own country—are delighted to come among us, and are heartbroken when unforeseen circumstances bid them depart. Even when returning to their native country and called by duty to fight against us, they plaintively inform us that their heart is still in London.

It is, perhaps, not too much to hope that the present war may bring a greater measure of exactitude in dealing with such trivial matters, let alone with more important affairs which have to be handled by the educators of public opinion.

CHAPTER X

WARSAW IN REVOLT

SEVEN years had elapsed since I had voluntarily resigned my position on the *New York Herald* when, in the autumn of 1905, I received quite unexpectedly a letter from Mr. Gordon Bennett asking me whether I cared to re-enter his service, say for a period of six months. If so, I was to start at once for Russia, more particularly Moscow, where mischief was brewing. I accepted the offer and started. On my arrival in Berlin I found all communication by land with Russia cut off owing to the great Russian railway strike. This involved a delay of about a fortnight, at the end of which I left for Warsaw, in which city one found the stir and excitement of big events to come.

In 1807, after the Peace of Tilsit, Napoleon sent General Sebastiani to Warsaw to regulate the Polish frontier. He arrived at night at the Hotel de Saxe, and in getting out of his carriage he sank up to his ankles in the mud: "Est-ce que c'est ceci, que cette canaille appelle sa patrie," he exclaimed.

Since those distant days Warsaw has become a modern city, with broad streets planted with

rows of trees, tramways, electric light and elegant shops, for the Poles are a highly intelligent people, and under modern industrial conditions have made great material progress. The Hotel Bristol forms an imposing block of buildings by itself. It is, indeed, one of the most luxurious hotels in Europe, and the dinner arrangements and decorations have all been carried out by native workmen. The theatre, with its frontage of Greek pillars, is a massive structure; one suited to stand on some elevated promontory in the Ægean Sea surrounded by palms and myrtle rather than here, in the north of Europe, in a bare, flat plain. Nevertheless it is an ornament to a city which, as I saw it on this visit—who shall say how it has been changed by the war which has swept across it?—was a marvel of the conquest of an industrious people over natural difficulties. Warsaw has its dignified features, its splendid monuments, chief of which is that to the national poet and patriot, Mickiewicz, whose noble memorial in the centre of the city, surrounded by tasteful gardens, is the symbol of the veneration of the Poles for one who lives in their hearts.

The broad boulevards about the town are as typical as those of any modern Continental city. Now and again they have been swept clean by shrapnel, used in the suppression of revolutionary risings. Seeing the city as I did, it was difficult to realise the brooding spirit of unrest which sways its inhabitants and which accounts for a large part

of the permanent garrison of Russian soldiery which holds the city. Outwardly the Poles are a light-hearted, pleasure-loving people, with a boisterous spirit in their outdoor life and a delight in colour and finery which suggests a life far more happy than that of the more drab populations of the great industrial towns of the Western peoples.

The old market-place, "Stare Miasto," has a somewhat wild Oriental, Semitic appearance. The visitor is struck by the crude gay colours of the costumes worn and the peculiar tints of the old buildings. For here are to be found the oldest dwelling-houses in the city, painted green, yellow, pink or blue. The insides of the houses, with their massive Gothic archways and alcoves, offer us an interesting picture of old days long since passed, when the kingdom of Poland still possessed Danzig. Here are left traces of the old Hanseatic town. In the hall of the notable restaurant of Warsaw the model of a sailing vessel is suspended from the ceiling. One might almost fancy oneself in a wine shop in Danzig, Lübeck or Bremen, where, in those days, town councillors and merchant princes used to meet and hold converse whilst quaffing their claret. This particular establishment, with its emblem of seafaring commerce, is a remnant of conditions long existent. The modern Pole, with his eternal cigarette between his lips, does not fit in with them; he is no toper or carouser of the old Germanic sort.

But even more than of the Hansa towns,

Warsaw reminds one of Dresden, with the Court of which Poland was closely united for many years. The Saxon Garden of Warsaw has a close likeness in style and arrangement to the far-famed Dresden Zwinger and the Grosser Garten. The Bruhl Palace in Warsaw certainly shows a distinct resemblance to Saxon architecture of two centuries ago; it is a royal palace in the true sense of the word in the imposing proportions of its rococo style. It brings the past before us, with the fair-haired Saxon troopers, the Court ladies, with powdered hair, who once went in and out there. How they would be astonished and disgusted if they could see the ugly cast-iron pillar covered with advertisements right in front of the principal entrance to the palace!

Another feature recalling the Saxon connection of other days is to be met in the many grocers' shops—so-called Italian warehouses—which resemble those that were still to be seen in Dresden fifty years ago. Those frequenting these establishments pass straight through the shop into a parlour, where wine and eatables are served by the shopmen, who, unlike waiters, belong to the traders' guild, and are not supposed to accept any gratuities. The best known Polish establishment of this kind is that of Havelka, in Cracow; nothing like it is to be seen elsewhere in the whole Austro-Hungarian Monarchy.

However, these records of a foreign past are only of a sporadic kind. Taken as a whole,

Warsaw is quite modern, and indeed strikingly and singularly so, considering how far it is situated from the west of Europe.

The first glance reveals the fact that you are here in the presence of a different culture, with a people of different temperament from the Germanic which you have left behind you in Berlin. The aspect of the many shops devoted to the sale of perfumery, confectionery and jewellery (real and imitation), the hairdressers' establishments, suggest the love of finery and natural luxuries of this remarkable race. The toy shops about Warsaw railway station—where in other countries one would see stalls for cigars or refreshments—mark a childish trait. There are newspaper stalls, to be sure, for the various Polish papers, all of an inferior kind, which are eagerly read. In Warsaw alone there are forty journals. Only French books are exhibited for sale, and for these high prices are asked and paid. I remarked to one of the attendants that the books seemed to be rather expensive. She replied, in a rather offended way, that well-to-do travellers bought without asking the price. Thus books are only for the well-to-do.

To those who are familiar with the type of the Polish Count of the table d'hôte, Warsaw offers a particular surprise. It is matter for wonder how, next to the Polish Jew, the fair-haired, fine-featured, aristocratic Polish cast of feature has preserved itself in spite of revolution, pestilence and deportation. You encounter the true Pole

everywhere—in the street, in the café, in the shops. He is even to be found as a waiter or as a commissionaire at an hotel, recalling by his appearance, at once both shabby and aristocratic, visions of Heine's Crapulinsky and Washlapski.

A crowd of nearly two hundred thousand people moved through the streets of Warsaw on the first Sunday after the manifesto of the Tsar dated the 30th of October, 1905. Even in Warsaw nothing like it had ever been experienced before. After one hundred years of hoping, longing and expectation, after untold records of killing and murdering, the day of long-promised freedom had dawned at last!

Coloured flags fluttered from the houses, the streets in their whole length and breadth, far away for an area of miles, were transformed into a quivering sea of human beings. Packed closely, head upon head, the huge mass moved slowly onward. The clergy, in their white vestments, took up the centre; around them were elaborate standards perched on high—flags, banners, upon which Poland's heraldic eagles shine. National songs resounded from hundreds of thousands of voices. In front of the monument of Mickiewicz all reverently uncovered their heads, only to recover them demonstratively in front of the statue of General Paskewicz, who in his time suppressed the national movement in blood.

We entered a newspaper office. It offered a strange picture. Everybody was hard at work

sending out and spreading abroad by means of printed words the idea of the revolution. A lady of striking appearance, no longer young, but voluptuously handsome still, entered. She carried "corrected proofs" in her arms, and apparently did her work like everyone else. But one could see that this woman had her whole soul in her task: that it would not want much incitement to find her, too, behind a barricade.

Little thought seemed to be bestowed either on the sale of the paper or the collecting of advertisements at the office. The editor of the paper—a tall, lean, dark personage, with sharply accentuated Israelitish features—stood speaking nervously at the telephone. Last night he was haranguing a secret revolutionary meeting until the early hours of the morning, when he furtively threaded his way home through the military cordons at the imminent risk of his life. He tells us the situation is getting worse and worse—almost unbearable. The Government has closed all theatres—the actors are starving. The schools, the University—even the school of veterinary surgery—are closed. Sentinels stand on guard in front of preparatory schools for children. At the moment someone telephones to the editor that the soldiery has been playing havoc overnight in a remote suburb; all this must be got unvarnished into the evening's number of the paper. Hundreds of strikers are standing below in the street, and up here in the newspaper office they are busy

distributing tickets for free meals amongst the hunger-stricken crowd. The air is saturated with excitement: "Death to the police! Hatred and grim scorn of the Government and the military!"

Great is the poverty in the city. Even coal, gas and food are said to be lacking with those otherwise comfortably off; but a generous charitable endeavour is almost as widely prevalent in the indigence amongst this passionate, happy-go-lucky population. Beggars crowd upon the passers-by in the street, and are very seldom repulsed. People give so long as they have anything left in their pockets to give. The money which is usually spent at funerals for flowers and wreaths—people are dying all the time here—is readily given to the poor.

And yet, amidst all these excitements, these sufferings, these psychic emotions—for there is hardly a family in Warsaw which has not lost a member fallen in the Revolution and in whom this memory lives on—the crowd bears witness to a remarkable carelessness. A soldier stands with fixed bayonet at each corner of the roadway and cavalry patrols ride through the streets without interruption. One is never sure that a rifle may not be fired, for during this cold weather the vodka is flowing in abundance, and its effects, particularly in the night, are apt to be confusing. Nevertheless it all looks as if it were a picture of everyday life: children crossing the Weichsel Bridge, on their way to school, as if they were

in a peaceful Philistine German town. But little excitement appears on the surface amidst a display of military force such as no other town in Europe could then have mustered. Somewhere about 80,000 soldiers were said to be in Warsaw at that time, yet it was continually raging, heaving, fermenting—a conflict between military force and the national idea which has now been transferred from generation to generation for more than a century. The instinct of rebellion has now become part of the flesh and blood of the women and children, so that one might even say that this people has forgotten and unlearnt the fear of the drawn sword.

In spite, or rather in consequence, of the terrible blood baths[1] which have been dealt out amongst them from time to time, the Poles may be said to be on a familiar footing with murders and massacres, and to have nearly approached the standpoint of cold contempt for them.

There comes to me one mind picture of my experiences at this visit.

It is late in the evening; an enormous crowd has gathered in the square in front of the theatre. Some attempt to escape, but they cannot get clear of the huge throng. An infantry cordon blocks their way at the one side, and a sotnia of Cossacks, on the other, forces them back with

[1] According to reliable testimony, between the months of January and November, 1905, 500 persons were killed and 2,000 wounded in Warsaw.

cruel blows of their *nagaikas*. Suddenly there arises a shout: "The soldiers are about to fire!" and guns are distinctly visible through the darkness—brought from the courtyard of the Government building and placed in a position to command and sweep the whole square. A man bearing a white flag in his hand steps forward out of the frightened crowd. Pale, but proudly erect and self-possessed, he stands alone, unarmed, in the midst of this agitated sea of humanity, when one thoughtless movement, a word, even a look, might portend a terrible catastrophe for hundreds. He speaks in a calm voice with an officer of the artillery, whilst the artillerymen stand behind their guns with torches which throw a grim light on the scene. He who has to spend his life under such conditions ends by looking on death as a mere episode.

Even in private houses in Warsaw things wear a different aspect from that found in any other part of Europe. The absence of every conventionality is particularly striking. One can see that the people possess a certain culture and a strongly marked artistic sense, but there is no system, no order. Everything is pell-mell, higgledy-piggledy. They live from hand to mouth, and spend the income of a German Minister sometimes without having even the most common necessaries in the home.

A pane of glass in a window leading to the street is broken. The inmates sat together last

night at a table when a clatter was heard, and a little mortar fell on to the table. It was nothing in particular. Someone in the street—it could not be found out whether it was a soldier, a policeman, or a revolutionary—had fired a revolver, most likely out of recklessness, and the bullet had entered through the window into the ceiling. "Nitchewo" ("It doesn't matter") says the Russian, and the Pole says—nothing!

The walls of the rooms in one small house, typical of many, are adorned with portraits of Polish patriots, some still living, others long since deceased, the latter nearly all with clean-shaven, serious, even melancholy faces. The outer world finds no space here; even some genre pictures are the work of Polish artists. Quite by itself in a dark corner hangs the life-size portrait in oils of a beautiful woman with a strangely marked profile. Bold and challenging she looks down from the canvas, and yet there is a quaint, fascinating charm in the aristocratic features, an infinity of passionate devotion, an unspeakable sorrow—all but that which is noblest, the capacity for renunciation, revealing itself in her expression. Something of the siren coupled with stormy passion, that which drives to action, to revolt, to a catastrophe, even to crime, appears in the face. There, one feels, is the woman of whom Shakespeare says: "Others appease, you excite desire."

Thus may those Polish Countesses Potocka and Walewska have looked who bound a world-

conqueror to their apron-strings. The original of the portrait, as my host informed me, was the wife of a Polish artist, and, like him, of a stormy, revolutionary bent. With true Polish restlessness she found neither contentment nor peace in her own home. She gave herself away, first to one, then to another admirer, till at last she fled with the third lover to the Caucasus. In Tiflis she was found dead with her paramour in her residence. The family histories of Poland are filled with such tragedies.

But to return to the political events of those days of 1905. All eyes were directed towards Moscow, where the Duma was just holding its last sittings. There they spoke of granting autonomy to the Poles and equality to the Jews. Forty Russian professors working at Polish universities telegraphed their thanks to Moscow. The Russian bureaucracy was to be abolished, if only the Germans would not interfere at the last moment; but all was said to depend on Count Witte and the Duma.

The excitements and anxieties of that time are dead. Ten years of political manœuvre have passed, but the hopes of Poland, even amid the calamities which have fallen upon it, seem again possible of realisation. To self-government under the Russian sceptre the Poles have looked forward. Now they have the promise that their hopes may be realised, and it is in that belief that thousands of them have shed their blood in the

Russian armies. Much might be said from the Polish and from the Russian standpoint for this solution of the Polish question; for, next to the Finns, the Poles are by far the most cultivated, and certainly the most gifted, people of the Russian Empire. The rapid rise of Lodz, the Manchester of Russia, and the industrial progress of Warsaw show what the Poles are capable of achieving in industry on modern technical lines. In the intellectual field, too, the Poles might do something great—if once the road was fairly opened to national talent. Even as it is, a number of Poles have risen to high positions in Russia, as also in Germany and the Austrian Empire. Intelligent Poles even admit that Poland could not exist without the Russian markets, neither could their national development proceed if they were entirely cut off from the Russian Empire. Nothing could be more beneficial for Russia than that, with the return of normal conditions, she should find support in a prosperous, contented Poland.

Let there be no mistake, however. The heart of Poland, if not the brain, looks to the restoration of Polish independence and the bringing under one national flag of the broken fragments of a race. Revolution has become almost endemic in the course of generations, and the spirit of which it is born will not easily be eradicated. Revolution corresponds to the natural exigencies of the national temperament, and thus is likely to

become the greatest obstacle to the future peaceful developments of the Polish people. How can self-government work with such a people? At present a social democratic Republic need not be considered; such an institution for the Poles would perish by its own unreality.

Would the Poles, with their history and their temperament, be likely to develop under autonomous conditions? These questions are on the knees of the future, and I should be bold indeed, with the memory of Warsaw as I have seen it, to attempt an answer.

Yet Poland does not always dwell politically in revolution. There are few gayer, wittier, more versatile people than our friends in Warsaw. It rarely happens that a stranger able to speak German is in Warsaw many days without hearing the last anecdote, which generally deals with the Polish Jew in a humorous spirit. It may even be much as follows: A Jew who traded in chemicals was called before the law courts because he had sold poison without fulfilling the legal enactments bearing on such transactions.

The magistrate proceeded to read out the charge when the Jew suddenly interrupted him with the question: "Excuse me, Mr. President, do you understand anything about chemicals?" "Mr. S., the expert, is here in that capacity," replied the judge, pointing to the gentleman in question. "And you, Mr. S.," queried the Jew, addressing himself to the expert, "do you under-

stand anything about law?" "You have just heard from His Worship," replied Mr. S., "that I am an expert in chemicals. If you want to know anything about law, please address yourself to the judge." "I ask you, Mr. President, just to consider the case for one moment. You are the judge of the court, and admit that you do not understand anything about chemicals; and the expert tells us that he does not know anything about law. And I, a poor Jew, am expected to be familiar both with the law and with chemicals. Now, Mr. President, I ask you how you can possibly convict me?"

CHAPTER XI

MOSCOW IN REVOLUTION

Moscow I was destined to see in extraordinary circumstances, although these did not prove nearly so strange as they were represented in the newspapers of other parts of Europe, which have never been remarkable for their knowledge of Russian affairs. The new spirit was burgeoning in the Russian people. It had been manifested in a series of strikes. The incidents attendant upon these I witnessed, and it was my fortune to meet men of all shades of opinion, from the strike leaders themselves to the soldiers who were engaged in repressing the rising. I arrived at Moscow on the 26th of November, 1905. The Hotel Métropole, at which I alighted, was occupied by police and soldiers; some fifty dragoons bivouacked in the inner courtyard. I was told that three hundred more were quartered in and about the hotel —a larger number of any one single army than I saw during the whole of my stay in Moscow. It was the first of the many exaggerations which I encountered during the course of my stay.

A strike of waiters had broken out in the city two days previously, and the strike committee had

informed the manager of the hotel that if he did not immediately dismiss those waiters who still remained in his service (and there were only a very few) his life would not be safe. Several large plate-glass windows of the hotel café-restaurant had already been smashed, and the rumour spread that one might look out for bombs. The police were powerless.

I had hardly been in Moscow forty-eight hours—it was the afternoon of Tuesday, November 28th, at 5.30—when an employee of the head post office came to the hotel and informed the hall porter that the postal officials were going on strike at six o'clock, and that from this hour no more letters or telegrams would be accepted or delivered. I had just time to send two dispatches —one to London and the other to Paris—when the curtain between Moscow and the outer world fell, and was not raised during the whole of my five weeks' stay. Shortly after the beginning of the strike I sent word by an interpreter to the chief of the strike committee that if he would arrange a time and place of meeting, I should be glad to hear his views on the grievances of the postal officials and bring them to the knowledge of the outer world. On the evening of December 1st he came to see me at the hotel, accompanied by a colleague.

His name was Parfenenko, a regular Russian of the type familiar in illustrations, with small blue eyes, a short stumpy nose, very fair hair, and

of slight build. His manner was quiet and retiring, almost gentle, so that I certainly should not have suspected him of being the intellectual head of an agitation the activity of which extended at that moment over a considerable portion of the inhabited world, for the postal and telegraphic service throughout the whole Russian Empire had, as if by magic, suddenly come to a standstill.

Neither Parfenenko nor his companion spoke a word of German, or any other language but Russian, though the latter's name, if I remember rightly, was Müller, and in appearance he might easily have been taken for a Prussian Landwehr officer. He had a full beard and regular Germanic features. By means of my interpreter these gentlemen told me that although their pecuniary conditions were far from satisfactory (Parfenenko was an employé of the second class, and drew a salary of 100 roubles monthly; whilst the inferior class received only 11 roubles monthly), this was not the main reason why they had struck. Their motives were more of a political than an economical character. In view of their uncertain legal status—a consequence of the autocratic absolutism which prevailed in the higher circles—the post and telegraph servants had formed an association of which Moscow was the centre. The Government had discovered the names of the leaders, and dismissed six of them, including Parfenenko and Müller. Thereupon the committee of the association had telegraphed to

Count Witte that, unless the six men were reinstated within twenty-four hours, all post and telegraph employés in the Empire would immediately go on strike. As no answer was received, the strike took place on the 28th of November. Both gentlemen assured me that, unless the Government gave way, chaos would arise. I promised to send these statements to my paper, and wrote to that effect; my communication, however, never apparently reached its destination. M. Parfenenko thanked me, and said that if I ever wanted to send a telegram abroad I was to apply to him, and he would see that it was forwarded. Some days afterwards I heard by chance that he, as well as his five colleagues, had been arrested and cast into prison.

The post and telegraph offices throughout Moscow were closed to the public for more than a week and guarded by Cossacks. The mail carts were escorted by cavalry on their way to and from the railway station. The papers published reports of attempts on the part of the strikers to attack and rob carts in the streets. These attempts, however, were not successful, though they added to the difficulties of the situation, particularly in preventing the carrying of letters by postmen in mufti, who were nervous, and not without reason. Meanwhile the banks and other large business houses represented on the Moscow Exchange had joined hands, and organised a regular courier service by rail to the frontier station of Eydtkuh-

nen. They were supported in this action by the Government, which placed an unlimited number of free railway passes at their disposal.

The strike of the café and hotel waiters continued. It was on a far more extensive scale than might have appeared at first sight, inasmuch as there were ten thousand to fifteen thousand waiters in Moscow, all occupations connected with *pourboire* being much sought after in Russia. One morning the leader of the strike committee was arrested in bed. The following night the strikers went in crowds to the Suchefsk prison, liberated their leader, and carried him off in triumph. Many cooks and other hotel servants now joined the strikers. In one hotel alone, the Métropole, 228 of the staff went on strike. We must imagine a luxurious hotel, much larger than the Paris "Grand," left suddenly without waiters. Many of the shops in the immediate vicinity of the Métropole were closed and boarded up. Cavalry and police patrolled the streets by day and night.

The visitors staying at the hotel were informed that the dining-room and café-restaurant were closed, and that they would have to take their meals in their bedrooms. Meanwhile a large concert-room on the fourth floor, situated in the centre of the building—thus safe from outside—was being got ready, and meals were served there between one and two in the afternoon and seven and eight o'clock in the evening. These were the only hours when you could get anything to eat.

There was no baking, no washing, and no electric light. A promiscuous assortment of people waiting on us did their best. The manager, in evening dress and white tie, the staff of the bureau, the porters of the different floors, a few kitchen boys, with their dark blue blouses, naked arms and turned-up sleeves, all helped to serve a Parisian-cooked dinner. There was no order; everybody moved to and fro; officers sat with unfastened swords lying on the table; ladies helped themselves from the serving side-table. A number of visitors smoked between the courses; among them were some ladies. Drinks, from vodka to Pommery Greno in tumblers, were in demand. It was a picture not likely to be forgotten.

The railway strike, which had lasted some weeks, had fortunately come to an end, or things might have been still more serious. Among the visitors who had arrived overnight was a Scotsman and his son who had come from Petrograd—then Petersburg, of course—where they were interested in a factory, and intended to leave the same evening for Siberia. They believed that the strike—which for the moment was the all-absorbing topic—could not be of long duration. The Chief of the Police of our district, whose acquaintance I had made in the hotel, was of the same opinion. "These people," he said, "are quite unfit for the liberty they ask for in this noisy fashion. They quite readily believe the wildest nonsense so long as they see it in type. Printed matter has the

same effect on them as alcohol on a weak head. They cannot stand it."

The unreasonable demands put forward by some of the strikers were calculated to confirm that view of the situation. The hotel waiters had asked for a fixed wage of fifteen roubles per month, besides ten per cent. of the receipts. The hotel proprietors naturally refused these demands, and made the counter-proposal that the waiters should carry on the business themselves, and pay ten per cent. of their takings to the owners. Other requests of a similarly impossible kind were put forward on both sides. In the meanwhile we lived on under conditions of a mild kind of anarchy not very different from that which would have delighted the heart of the eminent scientific anarchist, Prince Kropotkin.

The pecuniary loss and damage caused by these events in Moscow was calculated, at the time of my stay, to have amounted to millions of roubles. Many of the hotels, which at this time of the season had hundreds of visitors, now only had ten or twenty. Thousands of unemployed, who were at the end of their means and had come back from the provinces, gathered in front of the Town Hall daily and asked to be sent back to their homes at the expense of the municipality. The authorities had telephoned for the immediate reinforcing of the Cossacks, as comparatively few troops were quartered in Moscow.

Part of the responsibility for the postal strike

was ascribed to the chief of the Moscow post office. He was dismissed, and three head inspectors of the Imperial post were sent from Petrograd to Moscow to take his place. The new postmaster, Colonel Stetkiewitsch, was a distinguished-looking, self-contained man, whom, judging from appearances, one would be inclined to credit with a certain faculty for business organisation. He received me with courtesy, and conducted me through the post and telegraph offices, which were guarded by soldiers with fixed bayonets. In an inner court of the building were several railway carriages and sledges, still filled with mail-bags and other postal matter protruding from thick watertight covers on which fresh-fallen snow was lying.

In the interior of the building all was chaos. The declaration of the strikers that all the employees had joined the strike was evidently not true; nevertheless, I saw few officials at work, though a large crowd was standing at the entrance, composed of strikers seeking re-engagement or fresh hands who offered themselves for work. The new chief understood only a little French, and the newly employed men, with the exception of a very few, were conversant only with the Russian letters of the alphabet. As the addresses of all postal matter coming from abroad were written in Latin or German letters, they had to be re-written in Russian characters, and where special remarks were added, these too had first to

be translated into Russian. It was principally owing to this circumstance that several weeks elapsed before the Moscow public received their foreign letters. For instance, at the end of January, 1906, I received letters in Berlin which had arrived for me in Moscow at the beginning of December, and had to be sent after me. Passing through the sorting rooms, I saw on tables, stacked in endless rows, hundreds of thousands of letters which could not be sent out, partly because there were no postmen to deliver them, but also because no one was able to read the addresses. The disorganisation was most striking in the parcel post department. There were many hundreds of large, black leather postbags lying about, some containing printed matter, others partly filled with letters, and closed with heavy steel chains to guard them against thieves.

From the post office we passed into the street, and went on to the telegraph building in the immediate vicinity. Here there was less disorder, but everything was at a standstill. Only a few officials were to be seen, and the telegraph apparatus was lying idle. Only after a second visit, about ten days later, was I enabled, through the amiability of the postmaster, to get a telegram forward, via Kiev and Lemberg, to Paris.

On the 16th of December, a few days before the outbreak of the general strike, I called upon the newly appointed Mayor of Moscow—Alexander Gutschkoff's brother, Nicolai Gutschkoff—

in his office at the Town Hall. He was a man of unaffected, simple appearance, of slight build and medium height, whose serious face reflected a deep sense of responsibility and anxiety. He gave me the impression of being overworked and full of trouble; in the circumstances, quite natural. I noticed that he was easily accessible to everyone, even the poorest, and it surprised me that he had no police or military guard. His best security lay evidently in the respect and esteem of his fellow-citizens—a very uncertain warranty at that juncture, to judge by what he told me and by what had happened shortly before. The last mayor but one had been assassinated, so had the previous Governor-General (the Grand Duke Serge) and the last chief of the police (Count Schuvaloff), and during my stay the chief of the secret police was assassinated in his own dwelling in a most revolting manner.

I asked M. Nicolai Gutschkoff if he thought the situation had improved. He replied in the affirmative, but only to a certain extent. It was still far from the normal, he said. He thought the next eight days would be critical ones. He, as well as his brother, had great hopes from the efforts of Count Witte. He deplored the reigning terrorism associated with moral cowardice. He told me that even he, as Mayor of Moscow, was not always able to get his orders printed in the newspapers. Sometimes it did not suit their proprietors to publish them; at others the com-

positors refused to set up notices which displeased them. The strangest thing of all (he said) was the comparatively small number of the real revolutionaries: those who agitated, hounded on, and intimidated the strikers. He assured me that he knew them nearly all by sight, and that they were generally the same faces which cropped up again.

Finally he told me: "The fever-heat of passion is so great among the extreme party that they call us reactionaries—we who two years ago were the first to raise our voice in favour of liberal reform. It may be partly ascribed to our perseverance that the Imperial manifesto has been issued. At that time we were dubbed Radicals by those who were not of our party. In reality we are the soul of the popular movement, as we ask for the utmost which can be safely conceded with due regard for the welfare of the country—a liberal form of Government under a constitutional Monarchy."

On Wednesday, the 20th of December, it was rumoured that the general strike would break out the next day, and one already saw workmen nailing up with boards the shop windows in the principal streets. On the morning of December 21st Moscow awoke with the general strike in progress—in other words, under a reign of terror. The workmen on strike were paid their wages without interruption, the manufacturers fearing that if they withheld them their factories

might be set on fire and burnt to the ground—as, indeed, did happen in several cases within the next fortnight.

It is said that the first feeling which a man experiences when he receives a death sentence is one of relief; at last the terrible uncertainty is over. A similar frame of mind affected the population of Moscow when it became known how things exactly stood. Yet everything passed off differently from what one might have expected elsewhere. For, while the word "terror" is conjured up in pictures of excited masses, howling demagogues, violent encounters, with the guillotine as a centrepiece, everything went on in an almost uncanny silence. I cannot remember having heard a loud or excited word spoken during the whole of those days—only the peremptory command, "Stoi!" ("Halt!"), of the soldier facing the passer-by with bayonet fixed. With the stroke of midday on the 21st of December every business came to a standstill, and all the shops, except those selling food, were closed, as on an English Sunday.

I happened to be in the Twerskaya, one of the principal streets leading from the Duma (Town Hall) to the Palace of the Governor-General, when a sotnia of Cossacks appeared on the scene and rode at a sharp trot past us up the street. There were from fifteen to eighteen degrees of cold (Réaumur), and the troops were wrapped in their bashliks, the horses moving in a cloud of

vapour. Suddenly, about five hundred paces ahead, the Cossacks veered round, and I could see them charging the crowd and striking them with their *nagaikas* as they fled in all directions, some towards us. We got away as quickly as we could, and not we alone, for when we arrived breathless at the market-place the thunder of cannon was heard in the immediate vicinity, and we saw the sledge horses madly careering along, though the Moscow coachmen never carry whips. It was said that an encounter between the troops and the people had taken place at the Palace of the Governor-General, that artillery was sweeping the streets, and that hundreds had fallen.

When I returned to the hotel it was one o'clock, and I found the large dining-room full of guests, champagne was flowing, and the band was playing, for it was luncheon time. Nobody had an idea of what had taken place. But it was the last time in the year 1905 that the guests sat together so comfortably, for on that day the dining-room was shut and the French band was sent home. From that time onwards we stood under the protection of the Rostow Grenadier Regiment and its commander, Colonel Semanski, who, with his staff, had taken up his quarters in the hotel, which likewise became the headquarters of that division of the Moscow garrison entrusted with the defence of our section of the city. The firing of cannon lasted all through the afternoon and far into the night. All blinds were down

at sunset, the heavy plush curtains were drawn together, and the rooms sparingly lit by candles; for the electric light had been turned off, it having been evidently feared to attract the attention of the revolutionists by the blazing light of the large chandeliers in the hall of the hotel.

On Friday, December 22nd, about eleven o'clock in the morning, I took a walk through some of the principal streets. This was the first time that I caught sight of the real revolutionists, this haunting element which was apparently bent on changing the old autocratic order of things and causing the tide of "freedom" to roll from the Baltic down to the Caspian Sea and far beyond among the wild hills of the Caucasus.

Through the Kufneski Most, where the finest shops in the town are situated, a confused multitude of men and women and youths surged. Like a living sea it rose and fell. The crowd whirled round one man who seemed to be one of the leaders of the revolutionists: a sturdy fellow with dark hair, whose features betokened great activity. He wore a brown overcoat and a fur cap, and carried a walking-stick. The crowd seemed to take their instructions from him and to obey him at a wink. They absolutely ignored the stray policemen who were passing. It was not easy to keep this man in sight. At one moment he disappeared among the throng, out of which he emerged again. As the crowd moved on it surged towards a broad side-street, the Neglinny

Prospect, which crosses the Kufneski Most at a right angle.

As I contemplated this crowd I saw from a distance the tall figure of a young, fair-haired police officer standing alone in the middle of the cross-road and towering over all. He made a strikingly handsome appearance as he stood in his grey military cloak and astrakhan cap where the streets met. Like a vision of smiling springtide he seemed in his exuberant strength, whilst a dark multitude filled the pavement on all four sides with their pale faces and half-developed figures, in which one recognised the real proletariat of the city: workmen of the intelligent kind, each with his pistol. It was no enviable situation of which this young officer was the centre, for a single well-aimed shot would have sufficed to lay him on the snow, whilst the chance of arresting the perpetrator of such an outrage in these circumstances would have been most slender. An uncanny silence added to the tension of the nerves of the onlookers. Suddenly twelve policemen, armed with swords and pistols, appeared on the scene. They wore woollen comforters (bashliks) round their throats for protection against the terrible cold. They marched straight up to the officer, reported themselves to him, and with him marched on directly towards the crowd of men, which, with their leader in its midst, came along the pavement straight towards them.

"Will they dare to arrest him amidst his

followers?" "Will there be bloodshed?" These are the quick questions of an instant during which you could almost hear your heart beat. Much to our relief we saw the officer and his guard pass through the crowd, which took no notice of them and continued its movement down the street as if nothing unusual were taking place. At that very moment a division of dragoons cantered past on steaming horses. Nothing happened. Not a sound from any side. A serious encounter was only to take place some days later in the suburbs.

When I got up, early on Saturday morning —it was two days before Christmas—and went to the window, an unexpected sight met my eyes. A battery of eight guns was drawn up facing the Imperial Opera House, and apparently in full readiness for battle. The artillerymen stood beside their guns, with the Town Hall in their rear. Rows of ammunition were piled up beside them, and still a little farther behind stood a group of officers on horseback, guarded on each side by small detachments of dragoons and Cossacks. Watch-fires were blazing brightly in different places. Everything looked ready for an immediate fight. Nevertheless the forenoon passed without incident; nothing happened except that the artillerymen tried alternately to warm themselves at the watch-fire against the piercing cold and, for the same purpose, indulged in wrestling matches with each other. Guns could be heard in the distance. In the course of the

afternoon the artillery withdrew, with their staff of officers and their cavalry escort, probably to the spot where fighting was actually taking place. The theatre square was now empty. Only ravens remained behind; they circled round and round, cawing high up in the air. By sunset even the watch-fires had died out.

On the evening of the same day all the rooms on the ground floor of the hotel were full of police and soldiery, amongst them officers of all arms, including Circassian Guards, which latter circumstance lent probability to the rumour that the newly arrived Governor-General, Admiral Dubassow, had taken refuge in the hotel. Sentinels were stationed everywhere; visitors arriving or leaving the hotel were strictly interrogated and even examined. People staying in the hotel were forbidden to remain in the hall; they were ordered to retire to the rear, near the lifts, where sentinels were also posted with drawn bayonets.

An officer of the Cossacks attracted my attention. With his curly raven-black beard, his dark fiery eyes and slightly Roman nose he gave one the impression of a Chaldean king of primitive times. He remains prominently in my memory as a representative of those frondeurs who form such a striking feature among Russian officers; for they are the really discontented, not the common soldiers, as is generally believed to be the case. Reclining leisurely, with the nonchal-

ant air of an Eastern potentate, against a marble column, he conversed with the visitors of the hotel, he discussed the events of the day, the fights on the barricade, etc. He did not praise the deportment of the troops, but that of the revolutionaries.

Only later were we in a position to form a correct estimate of these experiences. They belong to the pathological phenomena of which the Russian disturbances afford us so many astonishing instances and with regard to which, many years ago, a German writer predicted strange things for the future,[1] for, as it ultimately proved, the revolutionaries were never in a position to come forth as belligerents. Not a single instance of fair open fight took place between the revolutionaries and infantry; and, as for the cavalry, the boulevards had been made impassable by wire fastened across the road and other obstacles.

But on this particular occasion these exaggerated statements made a certain impression, as they coincided with the news that 120,000 revolutionists had encircled the centre of the city, with the military in it, and had cut off our provisions. At about eight o'clock in the evening we suddenly saw the flashlights of reflectors illuminating the hotel from the direction of the market-place. It was said that the revolutionists were preparing an attack on the market-place, where the Butchers'

[1] "De Moribus Ruthenorum." By Victor Hehn. Stuttgart, 1892.

Guild headquarters were situated. During the tumults in October, at the time of the Imperial manifesto, the Moscow butchers had sided with the Government. An engagement had taken place, and between thirty and forty revolutionists —mostly students—were said to have been killed on this occasion, amongst them the German student Baumann. This, we were told, was now to be avenged. The play of searchlights lasted through the whole evening. I went to bed about half-past nine, and soon fell asleep, when shortly after eleven o'clock I was roused by a loud knocking at my door. I jumped out of bed, rushed to the door, expecting that the menaces of the revolutionists had become true, and that they had forced their way into the hotel. A strange gentleman stood before me and, accosting me in French, said: "Sir, get up; there has been an explosion and the hotel is on fire! But don't be afraid, you have plenty of time to save yourself." Outside in the passages and on the stairs everything was pitch dark, the electric light being cut off. I felt my way gropingly down the staircase to the ground floor, where the hall porter sat solemnly like a Russian saint in his box beneath the dim light of two candles. About a hundred persons were gathered in the hall, some visitors, others officers, and we were told that a magazine of gunpowder had exploded in the shop which sold firearms in the basement of the hotel, and that the hotel had caught fire. Three fire-engines

were at work. I went out and looked on at this spectacle for some little while. The firemen were busy, but—like everything Russian—silently at work. The surrounding houses were illuminated as if it had been broad daylight. Fortunately, the foundations of the hotel were of the nature of a fortress, and one could see that the volumes of water were gradually getting the mastery of the fire. After little more than an hour the firemen, with the three fire-engines and appurtenances, drove away in all quietness, and the visitors retired again to their bedrooms as if nothing extraordinary had happened.

We spent Sunday, the 24th of December, in a regular state of warfare. The church bells calling us to prayer alone reminded us how far the actual conditions were removed from and in contrast to the ordinances of the Prince of Peace The thunder of cannon was audible in the distance, and in close proximity the revolutionists were firing out of the windows of the adjacent houses. From the upper storeys of the hotel we could see the soldiers advancing, spread out in their lines, whilst single officers stood under shelter in covered positions in the street or sat on benches in the hall of the hotel conversing with ladies. Altogether, the fair sex, here as in the Manchurian war, played a not immaterial part in the proceedings. The conditions under which we passed our time during these days of anxiety grew more and more exciting and arduous. When telephoning, an officer and

a soldier with fixed bayonet stood behind one, for it was rumoured that the telephone had been used by the revolutionists. Finally, no civilian was allowed the use of the telephone. Newspapers were not obtainable, except at fancy prices. A number of the *Novoje Vremya* cost one rouble.

Repeated sleigh excursions to different parts of the town, and, above all, to the outskirts, where the encounters of the troops and the revolutionists occurred, enabled me to draw the line between the imaginary accounts of the Press and the real facts. Only towards the end of the revolution did it come to really serious destruction of property and the demolishing of whole houses, or rather of whole factory districts. During the last days, when there was sufficient provocation for it, severe measures were employed, when the soldiers were much irritated by the constant shooting out of the houses; but, as a rule, they acted correctly —yes, even with the greatest forbearance, going little beyond making prisoners of unwounded strikers, who for many days had been shooting from all sorts of cover on the soldiers, and particularly on the police. It was generally remarked that if the crushing of the strike had been entrusted to French soldiers—as happened during the Paris Commune in 1871—whole sections of the city would have been razed to the ground and thousands of people slaughtered without mercy.

On my visit to the Presnie quarter I found that it resembled a scene from the migration of

nations (Völkerwanderung). The struggle was over. The soldiers sat quietly at the watch-fires, poking them now and then with their bayonets; but right and left the smoke emerged from the ruins of the factories, endless rows of wagons loaded with furniture passed by, a tremendous panic had taken hold of the inhabitants.

These terrible days in Moscow were the outcome of a cleverly planned system of deception on a large scale, for the majority of the inhabitants were from the very beginning against the strike—even the majority of the working classes, much as they had sympathised with the first strike in November. The movement originated with a small minority. That these people were sincere, and that they would have paid for their views even with their lives, must be admitted. The fact remains that a few lawyers, journalists, engineers, doctors, schoolmasters and, more particularly, students had, after they and their ancestors had been waiting for a new Constitution for over a hundred years, suddenly made up their minds that they were quite unable to wait another four weeks. They preferred to declare war on society, and bring sorrows and material losses upon the community. By public addresses, gratuitous distribution of pamphlets and manifestoes they succeeded in acting upon the credulity of the masses and influencing and terrorising a city of over a million inhabitants. All social and economic life they brought to a standstill against

the will of the majority of those engaged in any active business, be it as employer or worker. The attempt to overpower the Government ended in a pitiable fiasco, for, in spite of the lying machinations of the Press, the troops remained true.

The most contradictory rumours concerning the Moscow events were circulated, and found ready credence abroad. For instance, the London newspapers of December 28th put the number of killed and wounded at from 15,000 to 20,000; German papers reproduced these statements; and "leaders" were written in different countries based upon these figments. Even on the spot people of otherwise sober judgment—amongst them officers and bankers—maintained that there were 60,000 wounded in the Moscow hospitals, not counting those who were nursed in private houses by the strikers. One could see by the official reports that in reality the total number of the wounded was between 4,000 and 5,000, whilst that of the dead did not exceed 200. Of both these figures, scarcely 50 applied to the soldiery. Even in the fights at Baku—which were much more embittered—according to reliable Consular reports, only 198 people were killed. In Moscow the fights in which the majority of the casualties occurred only took place subsequently to the 28th of December, that is, after the above-mentioned sensational newspaper reports.

On January 2nd (new style) work was again resumed in some of the large factories, whilst the

dead victims of the fights which had taken place in the streets were still lying, piled up like frozen logs of wood, in the courtyards of the police stations waiting for identification before burial.

The Russian Christmas drew nigh. It was the 6th of January, 1906—thus, according to the Russian calendar, Christmas Eve—the last night I intended to spend in Moscow. I had ordered a frugal meal in my bedroom, but the waiter laconically said: "Nothing to eat. Cooks all gone. Christmas! Nothing to drink. Manager gone away, and taken wine-cellar keys." It was in vain that I addressed myself to the head-waiter, a Russianised Austrian. At last I was told that, as a great exception in my favour, everything possible would be done. I was only to have patience. My reward was—a bottle of beer!

During these strenuous days and exciting nights I met, as I have said, some of the most prominent men in the movement which was then convulsing Russia. The sittings of the Zemstvo Congress had terminated on Saturday, November 25th, the day before I arrived. The next evening, two hours after my arrival, I was closeted with Prince Trubetzkoi, in the study of Prince Sherbatoff in Nikitky Street, where the former had taken up his abode during the sittings of the Congress. Among the few Russian names from whom the friends of Russia expected great things during this critical period, that of Prince Trubetzkoi stood in the front rank. The late

Prince Sergius Trubetzkoi was the first of the grandees of the Russian Empire who had dared to declare openly to the Tsar that matters could not possibly continue as hitherto, and that radical reforms were absolutely needed. By standing up for the welfare of the country he gained a unique position in the heart of the people. His photograph was to be seen in every print-shop window in Moscow.

As I saw him that night, in a room adorned by paintings from the easels of Lenbach, Franz Stuck and Alphonse de Neuville (the great French battle painter), he was a tall, imposing man, with dark eyes and dark hair, still in the prime of life. He had something of the typical aristocratic Russian about him, and in this he reminded me of others whom I had already met in different capitals. The family of Trubetzkoi ranks with the highest Russian nobility, Sheremtieff, Dolgorukov, Galitzin, Gagarin, Bariatinsky and others. To all appearances he was one of those to whom high birth was an incitement to intellectual endeavour and distinction.

We talked of the then condition of things, and I recall his insistence upon a sharp line being drawn between the Liberal section, which he represented, and the extremists, whom he believed to be clamouring for things which it was impossible to concede in the then condition of Russia. We discussed, too, Polish autonomy, of which he was in favour. "There will be no peace in Poland,"

he said, "until the people have some form of autonomy." He dealt gravely upon the existing crisis in Russia. It was the beginning of the deepest social revolution in the history of mankind. "A return to the past is impossible," he said with energy, while deploring some of the excesses which had marked the birth of the new spirit of the people.

If Prince Trubetzkoi represented the old Russian aristocracy in the general demand for reform, Alexander Gutschkoff was the spokesman of the educated commercial middle-class, whose small influence during the crisis, due partly to their limited number, was much to be regretted. Alexander Gutschkoff is the son of a rich Moscow manufacturer, and has several brothers. An elder brother sat with him in the Congress of the Zemstvos, and had since become the Mayor of Moscow. But Alexander was the prominent man of the moment, as is shown more or less by the fact that Count Witte had only recently offered him a Minister's portfolio. Gutschkoff, however, declined this because, as he told me, he thought he could be of more use to his country in his unfettered position.

Although still on the sunny side of the forties, Alexander Gutschkoff had already had a remarkable career. After having studied political economy in Berlin under Professor Schmoller, and Roman and Greek History in Tübingen, he seriously contemplated for some time becoming a

professor; but his interest in the political situation in his country drew him away from his studies. In the year 1891 Gutschkoff was sent to the district of Nischni-Novgorod to investigate the causes of the famine. During his stay there he did all in his power to combat the abuses which partly caused that visitation. In the year 1892, during the cholera epidemic, he was again on the banks of the Volga, and in the same year he was elected to the town council of his native place, Moscow, and for three years was an active member. In 1895 he undertook a journey through Asiatic Turkey to study the Armenian question on the spot; and in 1897 he was in Manchuria, where he accompanied General Kuropatkin as an officer of Cossacks, and remained there a whole year. But even the immense extent of the Russian dominions did not afford sufficient scope for the restless spirit of Gutschkoff. Shortly after the outbreak of the Boer War he was fighting against the English in South Africa, under the guerilla leader, Daniel Theron, and was badly wounded at Lindley and taken prisoner. On his giving his word of honour not to take up arms again, General Kitchener allowed him to return to Russia. His wound having rendered him unfit for further military service, he acted as general delegate of Moscow for the Red Cross Society during the Russo-Japanese War.

I asked Gutschkoff what he thought of the terrible events at Sebastopol—the mutiny of

the sailors on board the Russian warships. He replied: "I do not believe there will be either a military or a naval revolution, but I do expect to see a number of naval and military outbreaks brought about more or less by interested parties, besides strikes and other disturbances, many of which we have already witnessed. And, strange as this may appear, I do not deplore it, as these excesses will inevitably bring fresh adherents to the only party through whom the situation can be saved and the future safeguarded. This is the party of moderate constitutionalists, which is as much opposed to the threatening social revolution as it is imbued with the conviction that Russia cannot possibly go back again to autocracy."

Another figure whom I met at this time was Prince Paul Dolgorukow, whom I visited at his palace, which bears the name of his deceased uncle, Orloff Davidoff. Here the Zemstvo Congress had held most of its sittings. The Prince, if I remember rightly, was Marshal of the Moscow nobility, and one of those Russian *grand seigneurs* who are firmly convinced of the growing impossibility of the hitherto autocratic system. He had taken part in a deputation which had expressed this conviction personally to the Tsar. Prince Dolgorukow gave me the impression of being more of an amiable man of the world, who spends his time by preference in Italy and Paris, than of a serious politician; but, nevertheless, he was above the class prejudices of his caste. He told me with

a certain frank satisfaction that he stood on a very good footing with the peasants on his estates, and when in the country had taken the chair at any meeting held by the small citizens in his district; thus, in effect, playing the part which Alexander Gutschkoff had assigned to the Russian grandees and which the great landowners in England have so long filled. What struck me in him, as in many other Russian nobles I have met, was his great amiability. I noticed that when leaving he shook hands cordially with my interpreter from the hotel.

Christmas Day dawned. A German-Russian friend asked me by telephone to dinner. I explained that I was booked to leave Moscow in the afternoon, and could not possibly combine the two. He replied that he would arrange matters by altering the dinner hour, and would fetch me from the hotel in his sleigh and also bring me back in the same way in time to catch the train to Warsaw. He called for me at the hotel in his sleigh at midday. When he arrived at his house I heard that he gave orders to his coachman — a pompous-looking fellow in blue, thickly wadded, Tartar fur, with a silver belt and fur-trimmed velvet cap—to be ready in two hours' time to drive me back to the hotel.

The time passed quickly, and I had to think of my departure. I rose from table to take my leave, and was accompanied to the front door. The stable door was visible on the right. A

splendid black horse of unusual dimensions peered with flashing eyes in the doorway. He was ready harnessed to the sleigh, only the driver was missing. We waited in vain. A manservant whispered something in the ear of my host. The splendid coachman lay in the stable fast asleep—dead drunk! I had not a moment to lose. I rushed out into the road, and was fortunate enough to espy an empty sleigh. I reached, in turn, the hotel, the station and the train, and a few minutes later Moscow had vanished from view in the haze of a cold winter afternoon.

The essence of the above was jotted down shortly after I left Moscow, and never appeared in the *Herald*, for, as already stated, I was cut off from the outer world during the whole stay in that city by the postal and telegraph strike. Thus, except a few hurried contributions forwarded by the kindness of a Moscow banking house by special courier to Petrograd, I was only able to give the *Herald*, in return for all the expense incurred, one brief telegram expressing my convictions—in opposition to the general opinion expressed at the time by the majority of European newspapers—that the revolutionary movement was a fraud and was collapsing.

Reviewing my Moscow experiences and impressions after the lapse of years, also by the light of subsequent events, a few additional impressions and items come home to me. In the first place I

was lastingly impressed by the generous spirit of brotherhood I found among the Russians of all classes. As foreigners or strangers, we are all familiar with tales of the tyranny of an autocratic regime and the corruption of an ill-paid bureaucracy, nor do I for one moment pretend that these things are non-existent; but what my contact with the people of Moscow brought home to me was that they are wonderfully tempered by certain features of patriarchal social conditions and, above all, by the general character of the Russian people. Thus in Russian families I noticed repeatedly that the relations between master, mistress and the servants were little short of those one would expect to find in a large family. This explains how it was possible that during the whole of that critical period, in which many people lost their lives, I do not believe there was one case of actual starvation. Further, although all business was practically at a standstill, no letters being delivered and over 60,000 registered packages lying for weeks undelivered at the post office, not a single bankruptcy of any note took place during my stay.

CHAPTER XII

BERLIN DURING THE ALGECIRAS CONFERENCE

I ARRIVED in Berlin from Moscow on the 9th of January, 1906, with instructions to remain there to represent the *Herald* during the Algeciras Conference. I called at once on Prince Bülow, who invited me to dinner for the following day.

In the course of the evening the Chancellor discussed the probable German attitude at the approaching Algeciras Conference, and left it to me to draw up a short report to send to the *Herald*. This I did, after first sending the draft next morning for his approval. I append a copy as it appeared in the *Herald* (January 12th, 1906):

"Berlin. Thursday. Prince von Bülow left here for Rome this evening. I saw him before leaving, and he authorised me to make the following communication to the *Herald:* 'Neither His Majesty the Kaiser nor anybody else in Germany dreams of exercising the slightest pressure upon France at the expense of French national dignity at the Conference, where there should be neither *vainqueurs* nor *vaincus*. Germany stands for equality of opportunity in the trade of Morocco,

the open door for all nations alike, and if this principle be accepted by others the Conference is expected to have a successful issue. Germany seeks no advantages which are not to be shared by all alike.' "

My task consisted in calling at the Wilhelmstrasse in the course of the forenoon, looking up persons of position, ambassadors, ministers, conferring with professors dabbling in journalism, besides bona fide journalists, for the latter occupied a much more influential position than is generally supposed. The Berlin correspondent of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, for instance, would hold a regular levee at his office and in the evening at the Kaiserhof, at which a number of representative persons were to be met. In the afternoon I received a report from the assistant correspondent whom Mr. Bennett had placed at my disposal, and in the evening I dispatched to Paris a summary of the matter gleaned.

This was the longest stay I had ever made in the Prussian capital, and it was coincident with my gradual awakening to the apprehension that a country with which I had been connected by close ties, where I had spent my happiest days, and had been welcomed as a friend by eminent statesmen, men of letters and learning, was drifting into an attitude of irreconcilable antagonism to the country of my birth. I had long been aware that for many years past an irresponsible influence had been working mischief in Germany, one such

Photo : Stereoscopic.

MADAME OLGA NOVIKOFF

Photo : H. Le Lieure.

PRINCE BERNHARD VON BÜLOW

as is made familiar to us in Goethe's *Zauberlehrling:* the wizard's apprentice who plays ducks and drakes with the wand of the absent master. Many people were cognisant of the nature of this influence, and only wondered that there could be anybody left who failed to perceive the dangerous possibilities, for its main characteristics were an absolute lack of the sense of humour and a shallow surface estimate of the most vital of things: namely, those that appeal to the heart and the more refined instincts of man, that which constitutes his soul. Verily the enunciations trumpeted forth day by day upon a long-suffering world could only be based upon a most superficial knowledge of the fundamental character of man and his spiritual and æsthetic nature, which was mocked, flouted and derided day by day. Many Germans, as well as sundry foreign friends of Germany, were alive to this dangerous element; but they thought so highly of the Germans as a sane and peace-loving race that they felt confident that in a case of emergency the people would pull up the irrepressible talker in time. This view was subsequently fortified by the drastic action of the Reichstag over the *Daily Telegraph* interview; alas! the present war has shown it to have been delusive. What Germany's friends did not realise was that superficiality, arrogance and vulgarity are in strict consonance with the spirit of surface education (Halbbildung) of our time, and that its brazen, shameless effrontery, its shallow cynicism

and the dense, bucolic shortsightedness which made it appeal to the half-educated element throughout the world.

It would serve no useful purpose to dwell at length upon the unheeded remonstrances which emanated from time to time from among the unaffected, clear-sighted minority, and it would lead too far to enumerate the many warnings predicting disaster, one of the last and most significant of which came from Bebel, the great Socialist leader.

These things are naturally submerged to-day in the all-absorbing passions aroused by the war. But how educated people, who should be conversant with Continental affairs, can trouble their heads to-day over the writings of Frederick the Great, Kant, Fichte or Hegel, in order to fix the responsibility for the present war, may well pass our comprehension. Few men could have been more conversant with German political literature of the past than Bismarck, but he took little note of them except when he wished to emphasise the vast changes which time had brought about. His constant warnings are directed against the danger of the personal vanity on the part of the monarch, and the unripeness of the German political character: a point since repeatedly endorsed and emphasised by his successor, Prince Bülow. Everything that has since taken place goes to demonstrate that at one time the Emperor undoubtedly possessed the power to direct and

control the German people, if only he had been able to subdue himself!

Brave conquerors,—for so you are,
That war against your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's desires.

(Love's Labour's Lost.)

Nearly everywhere I went in Berlin I met fear and anxiety as to the drift of things, some pregnant instances of which I have already given in several contributions to the *Fortnightly Review*, nearly two years ago and previously. One of the most eminent members of the Prussian Government, Count Posadowsky, the Minister of the Interior, was among these pessimists. He it was who coined the significant phrase of "Die Veräusserlichung idealer Werthe," i.e. the vulgarisation of ideal values: those to which the best results of the past had in the main been due. Such a man was, of course, inconvenient, and was shortly afterwards got rid of.

Hard things have been said about the officials of the Wilhelmstrasse, accusations which in most instances ought to have been addressed to higher and more responsible sources. But nothing I have ever heard brought conviction more thoroughly home to me of the dangerous political conditions prevailing in Germany than what one could confidentially learn within its very walls! The late Herr von Holstein, the evil genius of Prussian diplomacy, used to show newspaper cuttings to his friends—many of them from English news-

papers—on the margin of which the Emperor had scribbled his comments, some of which were scarcely of an edifying nature.

"It is the misfortune of our diplomacy," one of the ablest of the official wire-pullers assured me, "that we either fall round peoples' neck or kick them in the stomach. Things are not what they used to be under our old Prince Bismarck. It is no longer a pleasure to be connected with politics." The staff seemed to live in perpetual fear of the unexpected, for the evil consequences of which, as they well knew, they would be made the scapegoats, as so strikingly shown subsequently in the case of the *Daily Telegraph* interview. The intimacy of the Emperor with Herr Ballin was mentioned in my presence one day, and it provoked the following significant comment: "You may rest assured that the friendship of our Emperor will cost Herr Ballin as dear as it has cost everybody else thus honoured." To-day the Hamburg-American Line, over which he presides, is in an unenviable position.

As regards journalism, it is as well to rectify an error widely prevalent that the whole German Press at that time blindly and uniformly accepted its views from the Government. The *Berliner Tageblatt*, for one, strongly opposed the official attitude during the Algeciras Conference. A high Government official mentioned this matter to me one day and, knowing that I was on amicable terms with its proprietor, suggested that I should

speak to him confidentially on the subject. This I did, and the answer which he gave me, in perfect good temper, is worth recalling: "You may tell them that they have not got enough money in the Reichsbank to induce the *Berliner Tageblatt* to deviate from its present attitude." It is only fair, however, to add that, being a very wealthy man himself, Herr Rudolf Mosse was well able to afford this exhibition of independence. But he was for long honestly and fearlessly intent on preserving peace and concord between nations, notably with England and France, and complained bitterly to me of the vicious attitude of his London correspondent towards England. Many of the latter's communications were, in consequence, suppressed, and that correspondent was subsequently relieved of his functions and pensioned off. Nor was Herr Mosse the only influential journalist who saw "black" in the future and refused to budge to please. The Berlin representatives of at least two other important German newspapers were scarcely less obdurate, and declined to be hypnotised by the sirenic attractions of Ministerial dinner invitations. One high-minded journalist in particular was a thorn in the official side, for he could not be induced to trim his sails in accordance with the wind prevailing in august quarters. One day he said to me: "If you publish what you know about the deplorable state of our affairs, you will never be able to come to Germany again." Prince Bülow himself admitted to me that he could do

nothing with this chunk of independent integrity, who lived in a modest apartment in which almost the only ornament was a bust by Donatello on the top of his bookcase, and whose only companion in his solitary walks was a poodle. Such a companion at least could not tempt him to be untrue to his convictions.

The appointment of the late Count Helmuth von Moltke to be Chief of the General Staff fell in this period, and excited a deal of comment. I had known him personally since the year 1889, and knew enough of him and his career to understand the prevailing misgivings. A kindly, honest, chivalrous man, happily married to a beautiful Danish lady—a Countess Moltke—but one of the last persons to be credited with the clear brain and steel nerve of a Moltke. As Major Helmuth von Moltke he had been attached for several years to his uncle, the great strategist, as his personal aide-de-camp, and remained in that position after the latter's retirement down to his death. But the berth, although little more than a sinecure, was not altogether a pleasant one, for the old man was an uncompromising enemy of every form of nepotism, even when it was for his own benefit, so that he resented in a way the trifling mark of favour bestowed upon him by being allowed to retain a personal aide-de-camp, and now and then his nephew had to suffer, in consequence from his ill-humour.

One day I mentioned to Prince Bülow what I

had heard about this appointment—that it was a fad of the Emperor and not justified by Moltke's ability. Prince Bülow did not directly deny the justification of these criticisms. He replied that the post of Chief of the Staff did not necessarily call for exceptional ability—all that was required was nerve. This he saw Helmuth von Moltke possessed, and others would supply the brains. We have since seen the outcome: premature retirement and sudden death; from a broken heart, I should say.

General von Verdy du Vernois, whom I had known since 1890, when he was Prussian Minister of War, was one of many whose mind was filled with dire apprehension regarding the drift of things. These he expressed to me quite openly one day. During our conversation his son came into the room. He had been Military Attaché at Constantinople, and was now supposed to be acting in the same capacity at Washington. A very different sort of man from his distinguished father, he struck one as a typical representative of the new "swelled-head" generation. "How is it that you are here?" I asked him. "Oh," he replied, "I'm only here incognito." "I do not quite understand you," I rejoined. "The term incognito I take to apply to those whose distinguished position is such that their presence, if known, would subject them to undesirable attention."

The expression of extreme annoyance on the

countenance of the young gentleman's father was indeed a study.

Under the then prevailing conditions it was only natural that the personality of the Emperor should be the beginning and end of almost every topic of conversation. His photograph stared from every second shop-window, his plaster bust met one in every beer-house, his full-length portrait in oils was on the wall of every hotel with any claim to a fashionable clientèle. The status of individuals was measured by their relation to the Emperor. The question was, "Are you one of those who has been received by the Emperor?" or, highest earthly bliss, "Are you one of the Emperor's friends or advisers? Have you met the Emperor?" "No." "Well, then, what do you know about the greatest man of our age, the key-note of whose conduct is chivalrous enthusiasm?"

Some few were of a different opinion. A lady —since deceased—a brilliant authoress of extraordinary mental acumen and strength of character, who enjoyed the friendship of more than one Royal Family, said to me:

"I can assure you that *he* extirpates, as of fell purpose, every independent character, root and branch. Think of the number of poor devils in prison for the crime of *lèse majesté*, not one instance of which has he ever pardoned; whilst there is not a case of a man having killed his opponent in a duel, however disgraceful might

have been its cause, whom he has not pardoned or at least remitted the sentence. Never has a monarch encouraged Byzantine servility to such a degree as this man. No sunbeam but it must radiate from him; no incense but it must fill his nostrils. He monopolises everything."

To the stranger a remarkable feature of that particular time was the number of patriotic meetings, dinners and festivals, accompanied by extravagant glorifications of the House of Hohenzollern, reported in certain newspapers. But among people in a position which would have made their prosecution inconvenient you hardly ever heard a good word said of the Emperor. The scurrilous Munich *Simplicissimus* lampooned him as a hare running a race with his uncle, King Edward, depicted as a hedgehog, in which the hedgehog wins. But even more ominous: Maximilian Harden's vitriolic *Zukunft* was in the hands of everybody. The very highest lived in fear of its expectorations. It was the only printed matter on the writing-table at the British Embassy when I had a talk with the British Ambassador, Sir Frank Lascelles.

Prince Bülow, who had always shown me the greatest kindness, surprised me one day by an offer to present me to the Emperor. In thanking him for what was obviously intended as a high personal compliment, I replied that I was afraid it might prejudice my activity as correspondent of the *Herald*, and that therefore I deemed it best

to forgo an opportunity which doubtless would have been a source of personal gratification. As a matter of fact, I had long formed an unfavourable opinion of the Emperor as a public character, of which I had never made a secret in conversation, and I did not think it quite honest to accept what could only be construed as a personal distinction with such an *arrière-pensée*, the less so as, after an acceptance, I should have considered myself precluded from dealing frankly with one whose exalted position made him a legitimate subject for discussion by a political writer. One can have little sympathy with those who were weak enough to bow down and worship, and now have no terms too severe to stigmatise their discarded idol. Silence should surely be the only course prescribed in such cases.

One morning, whilst I was waiting for the postman in the hall of the Hotel Continental, a gentleman was introduced to me by the manager as Count Seckendorff. He said he had heard from Prince Bülow that I was in Berlin. He had long wished to meet me and tell me how pleased he was that I had been the means of arranging for the publication of an English life of the Emperor Frederick, which also found a place in the Tauchnitz Edition of British Authors. We met again a few days later at the house of a retired Prussian diplomat, and subsequently became so intimate that he would come regularly every other morning to the hotel, share my early breakfast, and remain

in conversation until I had to go to the Wilhelmstrasse.

I had long known Count Seckendorff by reputation as the Chief Court Marshal attached to the service of the Empress Frederick. As such, however, I could only regard him as one whose orbit was that of a satellite revolving round a sun—an earthly, perishable sun; thus, according to the more serious conception of life, little more than a shadow, a nonentity. My subsequent intimacy with this most sympathetic and cultivated nobleman brought home to me that his official status was only the "wrappage," the covering of a warm and sympathetic heart, and that he was filled with deep anxiety regarding the future of his country. His friendship for me lasted down to his death, and was not without a marked influence upon my estimate of the trend of German affairs. Moving as he did in exalted but essentially insincere surroundings, he seemed to feel a want—a craving to confide the dire misgivings of his heart to an "outsider" on whose discretion he could rely. For even to-day, now that he has passed away, whilst others are living, it would scarcely become me to give the full story of his many confidences. However, this I feel at liberty to state, that Count Seckendorff brought home to me what I had hitherto only partially realised, that Germany was being led to a precipice by the worship of a deceptive estimate of vital issues, and that its driving-power was deceit and its aims such as

threatened to break up the peace of the world. "Our material resources are vast, our strength is enormous," he said one day, "but, alas! our conscience is not clean"!

There is, I should say, no German living to-day who possesses the cosmopolitan social acceptance enjoyed by Count Seckendorff. He numbered friends in almost every Royal Family in Europe, as also among the leading statesmen, diplomats, scholars and influential men of the world of different countries, advantages which were calculated to lend exceptional weight to his views on matters of supreme importance. He enjoyed the fullest confidence of the English Royal Family, and was one of the few unofficial Germans whom King Edward expressly invited to be present at his Coronation.

Count Seckendorff assured me that the desire for an understanding with Germany had undoubtedly been honest on the part of England, but already, years ago, the advances of Mr. Chamberlain had been repulsed in Berlin. When King Edward came to the throne he took over an unsatisfactory condition of things, of which he had to make the best he could. The reproach that he harboured enmity to Germany was a grave injustice. A good understanding with Germany had always been a matter near his heart, as he was an admirer of the German people, though not of everything German, and more particularly Prussian. Count Seckendorff related to

me a variety of personal incidents which would go a long way towards explaining a certain *aigreur* in high circles, as well as much of the diplomatic tension between England and Germany. He told me that the German Emperor lives in an imaginary world, in a mirage as regards the reality of things; and he bitterly complained that nobody had the courage to tell him the truth or advise him honestly in accordance with it.

After many weeks of anxious tension, one fine morning I was told at the Wilhelmstrasse that, thanks to the conciliatory attitude of Germany, the Algeciras Conference would end in peace being assured—and that this happy ending implied a personal triumph for Prince Bülow. I communicated this intelligence to Mr. Bennett, who replied by private telegram: "Your friend (Prince Bülow) is in the soup." This implied that, personally, Mr. Bennett did not look upon the results of the Algeciras Conference as a triumph, but, on the contrary, as a German defeat, a view which subsequent events would seem to have justified. For, as we now know, the Conference revealed for the first time the unreliable nature of Italy's position in the Triple Alliance. It strengthened the Entente between England and France, and committed Germany to a course of action which was calculated to accentuate and inflame those sinister elements which were destined to hurry her through the rapids on to Niagara.

Reviewing the Morocco imbroglio as one who

was day by day progressively put into possession of the German case, there would appear to have been something to say for the German side of the argument. But the Morocco question did not and will not stand alone in the light of history. It must be looked at as one item in a series of many years of constant, intolerable sword-rattling provocations, the ultimate triumph of which must have brought about a state of things in Europe—nay, in the whole world—which, as Sir Edward Grey has since righteously declared, he would rather perish than live to see.

A strongly worded letter appeared in the *Herald* about this time accusing its Berlin correspondent of having identified the paper with the German side of the Algeciras question. As I had reason to believe that Mr. Bennett himself was not unaware of this attack, I wrote to him that such an allegation was due to a misapprehension of the duties which he himself had laid down as being those of a correspondent of the *Herald*. These were to submit the latest news, official or otherwise, from the centre at which the representative of the paper happened to be; in this case the capital of the German Empire. If the matter forwarded by me had put a favourable complexion on the German case, this could only be due to the adroitness of the officials in giving me their information, for individually I had nothing whatever to do with its nature, being only a transmitter. I added that I intended to

send my "apologia" to the *Herald*, where it was subsequently published without the alteration of a single word. At the same time I gave Mr. Bennett notice that I resigned my position on the paper, and intended to return to London at the end of the month. "Send in your account, and it will be paid," was the telegraphic reply I received.

Before returning to London I went to Trebschen, in Brandenburg, on a short visit to Prince Reuss VII. I have referred elsewhere to this most excellent man, the distinguished diplomat who negotiated the Austro-German Alliance in 1879. It was the last time I was destined to be his guest, and the memory of it remains of significance to-day. He too deplored the "vulgarisation of ideal values," and stigmatised the broadcast bestowal of crosses and stars as a means of general corruption and demoralisation of character.[1] In parting he begged me to continue to use whatever influence I might possess as a political writer to further the interests of peace and concord between England and Germany.

Two sisters, Princesses Reuss, from Ernstbrunn, in Austria, nieces of Prince Reuss, were staying at the Schloss at the time. Both ladies had qualified as trained hospital nurses and had been through the Russo-Japanese war in that capacity,

[1] According to the *Vossische Zeitung*, 430,000 Iron Crosses, including 10,000 first class, have been distributed since the beginning of the war. Their total weight is 150 cwt.—*Reuter*. August 25, '16.

giving their services indiscriminately to the humblest of the rank and file, the common soldier, and sharing their hardships. I enjoyed some stimulating conversations with these highly cultivated ladies, and shortly after my visit I received the following letter from the one of the two sisters who is now Queen of Bulgaria. The deep human interest expressed will, I feel sure, appeal to the reader:

"ERNSTBRUNN, NIEDER-OSTERREICH,
"30, IV., 1906.

"DEAR MR. WHITMAN,—I am so very grateful to you for sending me your delightfully written notes[1] on the Moscow troubles (those about Warsaw I got from my Aunt Reuss at Trebschen; read them with the greatest pleasure, too). It is very interesting to me to read your impressions of that movement, the effects and consequences of which I felt very unpleasantly in the winter while in the Far East, and chiefly of the moving springs and seasons thereof.

"How very full of truth is your saying, that those who had waited for so many hundred years —why couldn't they wait a few weeks longer? Now their Duma is coming at last, may it but bring them all they are expecting it to bring! I am so afraid the longed for and sorely needed rights and liberties will get warped and diminished

[1] This refers to the matter embodied in Chapters X and XI, a German version of which appeared at the time in the *Deutsche Rundschau*.

to a degree passing through the sieve of those new Staatsgrundrechte, which they are concocting at Petersburg, and the poor people will again be cheated! That would be a fearful calamity indeed! They don't deserve to be ill-treated any longer; by 'they' I mean the real people—the soldier, the sailor, the peasant, etc. Going with them through these hard times of war and revolution, nursing them, watching them, caring for them so long, I learnt to love and respect their admirable qualities, their patience, endurance, right feeling and clear common sense. These in the long run will help them to their proper place, in the right way, if they are not again mismanaged.

"I was delighted to hear that you had left your gun at Trebschen. That makes me look forward to meeting you there some time in the partridge season; I should enjoy that very much. Once more: vielen herzlichen Dank.—Yours truly,

"ELEONORA REUSS."

When the writer of such a letter consented to become a Queen there can be little doubt that it was with the view of extending her sphere of activity for the benefit of suffering humanity.

A final echo of the Algeciras Conference reached me just before starting for home in the following letter from Count Seckendorff. He had gone to Rome to spend the Easter.

"Hotel de Londres, Rome,
"*April* 18*th*, 1906.

"Dear Mr. Whitman,—My time has been taken up to such an extent in the Eternal City that I only to-day find a moment's leisure to write to you and thank you for the most interesting article in the *Rundschau* and for your letter, which tells me of your future plans, which means going to the wilds. Does it interest you to go to Jamaica?

"I have had a glorious time in Rome, and felt so Welt-entrückt (removed from the world) that the news of the Conference having come to an end moved my feelings very little. Yet it was a pleasure to meet people like Visconti Venosta and Henry White,[1] who had just returned from there. Matters concerning 'Le Personnel' remain very painful at home, and we all hope Bülow will soon recover entirely. We cannot miss him.

"I am sorry to know that I shall not see you at Berlin on my return about the middle of May, but I am in hopes of coming to England in June, and I shall not fail to let you know where I shall be.

"En attendant, kindest messages della Roma Madre é del Santo Padre, whose Castello di San Pietro I have just seen in its glorious fiocco di Pasqua.—Yours very sincerely,

"G. Seckendorff."

[1] The representative of the United States at the Algeciras Conference.

CHAPTER XIII

PARERGA

My recollections of Paris are comparatively meagre, for I have never stayed longer than a few days in the French capital, yet they include a few well-known names. The great painter, Ernest Hébert, for many years director of the French Academy in Rome, was one of my earliest Parisian connections. A friend brought me into contact with Madame Edmond Adam, known under her pseudonym as Juliette Lamber. In those days—nearly thirty years ago—she was the fiery champion of the *Revanche* in the *Nouvelle Revue*. Another friend took me to the studio of Alphonse de Neuville, the most gifted of all French war painters; to that of Edouard Detaille, and of Berne-Bellecour, from the last of whom I bought a picture. All three of these distinguished artists had served as French officers in the 1870 war.

In the Place de la Concorde there stand, to be seen of all visitors, two stone figures emblematical of the towns of Strassburg and Metz. Wreaths and garlands usually lie about their pedestals, placed there for the most part by

native-born Alsatians living in the capital, who for forty years and more have looked forward to the day when the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, torn from France, would again be united under the tricolour. The dream may have faded into ethereal thinness at times, but always it has been cherished, and the immortelles placed on the statues have spoken of the undying love of the French people for the lost provinces of Alsace and Lorraine. Yearly, their former citizens have assembled at dinner in Paris to affirm again deep attachment to the land of their birth and their grief that it should be ruled by another Power.

It was in January, 1889, that I attended such a celebration. Nominally the dinner was given in honour of a French veterinary surgeon, M. Antoine, who had a little before come into fame by his candidature for a seat in the Reichstag as representative of the city of Metz. I shall not readily forget the impressions of that evening. There was a depth of feeling displayed that spoke of passions which required no such occasion to excite them. M. Antoine himself delivered an address notable not less for its fervour than for its refinement and the perfect elocution of the speaker. The supreme moment came, however, when, in a hush of silence, two girls in mourning black, adorned with the emblems of Strassburg and Metz, entered the room; the first hush of their entry was broken by tumultuous cheering, long continued, amid which one caught the sobs

of strong men and saw tears coursing down aged cheeks.

High on the emotions of that moment rose the voice of an elderly gentleman to whose authority all accorded respect. He spoke rapidly and passionately, amid almost continual cheering, as he poured out his indictment of German rule and German methods and the outraged sense of France at the loss of her children. Raising high his hand, his voice rang clarion-like through the hall as he exclaimed: "Vous avez notre sol, mais vous n'aurez pas nos cœurs." The whole evening was an amazing event to myself, drawn by all my early training to sympathy with the German side in the struggle of 1870. Here was revealed the unslumbering enmity of the despoiled race. Here one saw the still smarting sore which was decently cloaked in the ordinary light of day. All that I heard that night was a definite challenge to the views I had formed, and I caught myself wondering whether, after all, Bismarck had not been right when he opposed the annexation of Metz as a thing that for generations would keep alive the hatred of Germany in the hearts of the French. The fervent declaration of the old man: "Vous avez notre sol, mais vous n'aurez pas nos cœurs," would come back to me in after years whenever any acute political situation arose between the two countries.

Little of these undercurrents was to be noticed by the stranger who came to Paris; daily life has

its calls upon the energies of a nation as of the individual. It leaves us little leisure to dwell upon the sorrows of the past, upon grievances that cannot be put right and losses that cannot be made good. The instincts of the crowd, immersed, centred on individual gain—the care for a mere livelihood—obscure the ideals of a race. A visitor in the 'nineties, passing along the Rue Vivienne as it debouches on to the Bourse, would stand amazed at a pandemonium of noise and motion, of men shouting and struggling backwards and forwards. "What is it all about? Is it war, or perhaps a Royalist rising?" You ask a gendarme; and his callous reply is: "Les mines d'or"! Stockbrokers are fighting for South African gold shares. Mammon is still the god, and the five-franc piece is the emblem of its worship by the crowd.

A few years roll on, and when you come again to France it is to witness the greatest danger, the greatest humiliation, the Republic has had to encounter: the infamous Dreyfus case, and with it the lurid light it threw upon the venality, the decadence, of the Paris Press. The soul of the French race was still dormant, and it took a lot to rouse it. The credit of having brought this about belongs to Germany, for it sometimes needs all the devilry of Satan to recall man to the sense of his higher mission. It is due to Germany that, after endless provocations, all that was noblest in the glorious traditions of France awoke to life

again. The shades of the heroes of 1870, those who died unnamed and unknown—"Les Héros sans Gloire"—immortalised in Hébert's magnificent picture, those who gave their life to their country in defeat, rise up again. We behold the noble leaders on the Loire, Aurelles de Paladine and Chanzy; Faidherbe, the commander at St. Quentin, valorously endeavouring to lead a beaten army back to victory; even the slender, nervous figure of Paul Déroulède, who wrote "Les Chants du Soldat," is not forgotten! The memory of the leonine features of the grocer's son of Cahors, Gambetta, the fiery tribune of the French people, stirs our imagination—he of whom the old Emperor William spoke with deference as a patriot who had willed what was great and thus was entitled to greatness! And to-day all that is noble, human and worthy is reincarnated in the person of a man born of the people. He is endowed with the genius to direct and command millions of fighters who worship him, for he has retained the unspoilt heart of a child—Joffre! Joy be with that name, which, interpreted in the old Frankish tongue, signifies the "Peace of God," here destined to call back an instinct which had slumbered for so long in an age of crass materialism: Reverence—reverence for what is and always will be divine in man and so beautifully set forth in Our Lord's Prayer: "Father which art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy Name."

My connection with the *Herald* also brought me occasionally to Paris, and I rarely failed to look up the famous correspondent of *The Times* in that city, Le Chevalier de Blowitz, whose "Memoirs," published since his death (London, 1904), make most interesting reading, besides being an appreciable contribution to the diplomatic records of our time. As in the case of a number of other friends, my acquaintance with him dated back to my earlier days of book authorship. It came about as follows: M. de Blowitz had apparently read a book of mine—the first I ever wrote—entitled "Conventional Cant." It had been translated into French, and was lengthily reviewed in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* by Victor Cherbuliez, of the French Academy, and Blowitz had expressed a wish to a friend of mine to make my acquaintance. "I have read your book with great interest," he said, "but I must tell you that it suffers from the one cardinal defect for which there is no forgiveness: it tells the truth."

M. de Blowitz is too well remembered by journalists to call for any lengthy treatment at my hands. In face of much idle gossip it will suffice to emphasise my belief in his great gifts as a journalist, his reliability as a man, and his loyalty to those of his colleagues who were brought into contact with him. Blowitz is said to have possessed a sharp tongue, but that he could also be reticent and self-denying is, I think, shown by the following incident which, too, is not

Photo : Pirou.

ALPHONSE DAUDET

Photo : Camus.

MONSIEUR BLOWITZ

without political interest. It is described in his Reminiscences, but in telling it to me he dotted the "i's" in a manner which he discreetly forbore to do in his published account of the subject-matter. I take pleasure in rendering it as he told it to me, for I am convinced that he spoke the truth, and the truth is to his credit.

Shortly after the dismissal of Prince Bismarck from office a story got about that the abrupt manner in which this historical event took place was principally due to the violent temper of Princess Bismarck, who had goaded her husband to resent the imperious conduct of the Emperor. Blowitz told me that the story was related to him in extenso by Count Münster, at that time the German Ambassador in Paris, who visibly enjoyed the telling. Blowitz said people were in the habit of giving him bits of information with the proviso that he was to treat them as a matter of confidence. But he had made it a rule to tell his informants that he only met people and sought information in his qualification as *The Times* correspondent, and he had no wish for confidences of which he was not at liberty to make use. If people forgot this, it was at their own risk. In this particular instance, however, as he told me, in view of the sensational nature of the matter brought to his knowledge, he thought he would make an exception and give the German Ambassador another chance. So he waited until further opportunity presented itself of meeting Count Münster. A

suitable opening being given, His Excellency again broached the subject and launched out broadly on this fascinating subject, and repeated the whole story. "Now I had no longer any compunction," said Blowitz, "and sent the whole matter red-hot to *The Times*." It immediately made a tremendous sensation throughout Europe, and led to Count Herbert Bismarck calling peremptorily upon Count Münster to repudiate the story or take the consequences of an insult to his mother—namely, pistols for two.

This at least Count Herbert subsequently told me himself. Count Münster sought to exculpate himself in a hardly dignified manner, and the letter in which he did so—minus the terms of opprobrium in which he referred to Blowitz—was published in Bismarck's organ, the *Hamburger Nachrichten*. In the meantime the staff of the German Embassy implored Blowitz to take the onus of the story from the Ambassador. That he did so was certainly magnanimous on his part, for, backed by *The Times*, no power on earth could have forced him to retract. Many men would have declined to do so.

I was somewhat surprised to find that a man who had contributed so much important matter to the columns of *The Times* was by no means master of the English language; for, in telling some striking and improbable story, he ended by exclaiming: "I swear it to you on my honour," and pronounced the word "swear" as "sweere"

and "honour" as if it had two "h's." I mentioned this subsequently to the late Mr. Moberly Bell, manager of *The Times*, who agreed, with a laugh, but added that Blowitz's imperfect knowledge of English was of no consequence. It did not detract from his value as a purveyor of political news, for his "copy" was easily polished up in the office.

Blowitz inhabited a sumptuous flat in the most fashionable part of that delightful Parisian suburb, Passy, whither he asked me one day to lunch. The little man with the enormous head received me in his dressing-gown, and led me to his study. The walls of the apartment were filled with the framed patents of various decorations of which he was the happy possessor, while on a chair I espied his snow-white shirt and collar laid out ready to be donned for the day. During our meal he was called up on the telephone, and to the query "Who's there?" he airily replied "*de* Blowitz." Our conversation included a reference to his experiences of the Berlin Conferences, the proudest moment of which was an invitation he received to dine with Bismarck, of whom, in spite of his whole-hearted French sympathies, he was a sincere admirer. "You have no idea," he said, "what a fund of material I took home from the one evening spent with that great man. I have drawn upon it ever since, and I have not exhausted it even to this day!"

Blowitz was ever at the service of his friends,

and among the kindnesses I owed to him was one of giving me a letter of introduction to the eminent French author, Alphonse Daudet. Daudet was already an invalid. He was scarcely able to rise from his chair to receive a visitor. I condoled with his state of health and hazarded the remark that it was probably due to his having devoted himself too zealously to his literary labours. "Oh, no," he replied; "I have not merely worked too hard; I have done everything to excess. You see, I was born in the sunny South; j'ai bû le soleil; it got into my veins and set my blood on fire."

Referring to the literary atmosphere of Paris, which I had thought ought to act as an inspiring influence on its votaries, I expressed my surprise at the petty jealousies and animosities which Blowitz had assured me permeated the literary world of Paris. "Ah," he said, "parmi les dents qui déchirent ses voisins, la sienne n'est pas la moins cruelle!"

One of my oldest Paris friends and the most intimate was Dr. Max Nordau, whose name has long been a household word wherever men of cosmopolitan intellectual tastes are gathered together, for his book, "Degeneration," was accepted as a valuable contribution to critical psychology, and created quite a sensation when it was published some twenty years ago. Although an Austrian subject, he has lived the best part

of a lifetime in Paris, where for many years he had lived with his mother in a modest flat near Parc Monceaux. He only married late in life, and in the happy choice he made he showed, as in many other directions, his keen appreciation of values.

Besides turning out books and contributing to some of the leading periodicals on the Continent, he practised as a physician; but at the outbreak of the present war he was told to go, and has since been living in retirement in Madrid. As an illustration of the Spinozistic independence of the man, the following little incident strikes me as worthy of record.

In the course of one of my visits to Paris I happened to call on one of the most famous French painters, whose beautiful wife was a lifelong friend of mine. She asked me to come to dinner that same evening, an invitation which I was obliged to decline, telling her that I had already promised to spend the evening with my friend Nordau at a brasserie on the boulevards.

"Max Nordau!" she exclaimed. "Why, my husband is an ardent admirer of his books. Bring him with you, by all means; we shall be delighted to make his acquaintance."

When Nordau came to fetch me at my hotel in the Rue Montaigne, I gave him the message and suggested that we should drop the brasserie and drive to the stately home of my friend. Seeing him hesitate, I entered into a warm

description of the pleasure and benefit he would derive from making the acquaintance of a great artist and such a cultivated woman, both moving in the best and most exclusive French society, and that this connection might be of worldly advantage to him. After a short silence he replied: "It is very good of monsieur to admire my books, but I am sorry to say I cannot admire his pictures. You go, by all means, and we will meet another evening together instead."

Needless to say, we spent the evening together at the brasserie. In exchanging our experiences over several glasses of beer I mentioned my conversation with de Blowitz, and what he had told me about the evening when he had dined with Bismarck and the immense fund of information and anecdote he had brought away with him on that memorable occasion. "That is all the more remarkable," said Nordau, "since it is most probable that Blowitz was talking all the time and hardly gave Bismarck a chance to say anything."

Nordau possesses that rare courage which intellectual distinction tends to blend with the character, and of which Spinoza was one of the most shining examples, for he was unconscious of fear. This quality is one of the distinctive marks of high-class men of every nationality, notably of the gentleman, those who have subjugated fear in all its protean forms. Nordau showed that he possessed this high qualification when he joined Zola in the defence of Dreyfus He was even

capable of forgetting the susceptibilities of others when it would have involved a compromise with his own convictions. I was once witness of a scene illustrating this quality, fortunately in a more or less humorous way. When the sensation caused by the publication of Nordau's "Degeneration" was at its height he paid a short visit to London, and I was invited to meet him at the house of a friend who had arranged a reception in his honour. Everybody was talking "Degeneration" at that time. Two journalists of Nordau's own race—known for their intense conceit, but by no means favoured in personal appearances—pressed round him, most anxious to hear from the great man's lips whether they too were to be included in the dreadful category of degenerates! "Why, of course," replied Nordau. "Look at the shape of your ears, without a lobe, your chin, and your mouth. Why, you have all the stigmata of a hopeless degenerate!"

"Master, am I too a degenerate?" chimed in the other in his most insinuating, fawning manner.

"You," replied Nordau; "why, to be sure you are. One needs only look at you to see that a thousand years of Ghetto life have left their mark of physical degeneracy on your body."

Once there was a question of offering me the position of correspondent of *The Times* at Berlin, but though it came to nothing, it resulted in my

making the acquaintance of both Mr. Moberly Bell and Mr. Arthur Walter, at whose houses I had been a guest and where I met many people of distinction.

Calling one day upon Mr. Moberly Bell in Portland Place, I was introduced by Mrs. Moberly Bell to an Englishman of high position in the Government service in South Africa. She mentioned that I had been a personal friend of Prince Bismarck, and was a recognised authority on German affairs. To this he replied:

"Germany! I don't like the Germans; they are disagreeable people. I prefer the French. A Frenchman says: 'Mille pardons, monsieur; mille remercîments, monsieur.' He may not mean it, but I like to hear it."

On one occasion, leaving a friend's house where we had dined together, Mr. Moberly Bell accompanied me to my club, where we sat until closing time, for he was one of the most fascinating and inexhaustible of raconteurs. He told me, *inter alia*, the following anecdote of Delane, the great editor of *The Times*. Calling one day on Lord Palmerston, his lordship informed him, with a very grave mien, that the Queen was in a precarious state of health; in fact, there could be no telling what the outcome of her condition might be. This unexpected bit of news put Mr. Delane into a state of great perturbation which lasted several days, the cause of which subsequently oozed out among the staff of the paper.

By some unaccountable oversight no obituary notice of Her Majesty had been kept in preparation in *The Times* office, as is usual in great newspaper offices regarding prominent persons. This was remedied at top speed, and when the article was finished Delane was heard to heave a sigh of relief, ejaculating: "Now the dear lady may die whenever she likes; *The Times* is prepared for the event."

In looking through my recollections I find that, whereas I have touched upon life at many points, I have scarcely included a single reference to its most vital aspect—namely, that of bodily health. In this connection one of my more recent journalistic excursions seems worthy of record. In the summer of 1909 I received a letter from the Mayor of Karlsbad, inviting me to go there to write an introduction to a book on the history of the town and the nature of the cure, which it was intended to issue in the English language. I had often been to Karlsbad before and taken the waters in a casual manner, but now my task was a more serious one. It included that of reading up the subject, and this involved a study of history, for which the town library was placed at my disposal. The story of Karlsbad, as far as it is based on authentic data, goes back to the fourteenth century, and is identified with many of the historical events which have taken place in that part of the world, notably the Thirty Years' War.

Among the distinguished personages visiting Karlsbad was Peter the Great, who passed his time in the company of mechanics, masons and carpenters, helping to build a house as a workman. His prowess as a rifle-shot is still evidenced by a target on which he scored a bull. This is kept as a memento by the Rifle Guild of the town. There are memories of the poet Schiller; of Goethe, who met there, when over seventy years of age, the last of his loves; of Beethoven, who promenaded with scorn for the crowd which watched him, already secure in his mind of that immortality which raised him above the transient glory of the archdukes and others who would have courted him.

My visit furnished me with many opportunities for obtaining information respecting the marvellous hygienic properties of the Karlsbad waters. Lord Westbury, hearing of my task, came to see me one evening, and gave me an enthusiastic account of the effect of the Karlsbad waters in his own particular case. A London doctor had told him that he had but a short time to live. He went to Karlsbad, was cured there, and took such a strong interest in the place that he built the Imperial Hotel, to which, until the outbreak of the war, he devoted all his energies. A London physician assured me that the only medicine Sir William Jenner prescribed for Queen Victoria during the last twenty years of her life was Karlsbad crystal salts. Among many other interesting items of

information given to me by Dr. Schumann Leclerc —one of Karlsbad's leading physicians—was that he numbered M. Clemenceau among his distinguished patients. What he told me of the French statesman is not quite disconnected with the moral renaissance of France of which all the world is the admiring witness. A French Prime Minister who lived so simply and worked so hard as Clemenceau did when staying in Karlsbad surely embodies a significant portent. Clemenceau occupied one of the cheapest apartments to be had in Karlsbad, and when King Edward came to Karlsbad, after Clemenceau had left, he went specially to visit the room which the French Premier had occupied.

I was also fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of that eminent American man of letters, Mr. William Dean Howells, and his charming daughter. It gave a zest to my visit which even the wonderful effects of the waters would have been unable to supply; and, what is more, it was followed by a renewal of our acquaintance later in London, where I had the honour of entertaining father and daughter in my own house.

Everything was done by the authorities to make my stay an agreeable one. The Kur-Director, Baron Gerlach, invited me to lunch one day at the sumptuous Savoy Hotel on the Schlossberg. Welcoming me at the entrance, he said: "We are in luck's way to-day, for King Edward is also lunching here." We took a discreet peep

through the venetian window blinds of the dining-room window on to the garden below, where His Majesty was comfortably installed at a table surrounded by a bevy of most attractive ladies. The King was evidently enjoying himself at his ease, since in those parts nobody would have dreamt of intruding upon his privacy. It was the last time I set eyes on King Edward, whose death brought me a somewhat unusual journalistic experience. Coming home one afternoon, I found a telegram awaiting me from the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse* asking me whether I would contribute an article for their columns on the deceased King, and send it off within forty-eight hours. I took my reply accepting the offer to the post office, and on my return found an almost identical telegram from the Berlin illustrated weekly, *Die Woche*, awaiting me. This I also accepted, and was thus able to say to myself that my humble tribute to the late King would be read simultaneously in two of the most widely circulated publications in Germany and Austria-Hungary.

CHAPTER XIV

ON THE BRINK

THE following years found me taking frequent journeys backwards and forwards between England and Germany, for I was in the habit of spending my holidays either in a German or an Austrian watering-place. I visited Prince Bülow at Norderney in the month of August, 1906, and again in the same month of 1908, and a summary of my conversations with him appeared at the time in the columns of various London newspapers and led to some controversy in the *Quarterly Review*. I was subsequently the guest of the Prince on several occasions in Berlin, where the key-note of his eager inquiries was whether I believed that powerful influences in England, notably *The Times*, were intent on war with Germany. I replied that I was not in the confidence of that great organ, but I felt convinced that if there were those in England who were bent on trouble, they formed a negligible minority.

At the same time I repeatedly emphasised to Prince Bülow my conviction that the progressive and startling increase of the German Fleet was a matter of grave suspicion and concern to a large

body of English opinion; and I thought this was thoroughly justified, inasmuch as it was impossible to find any other explanation for these extravagant armaments than an intention, sooner or later, to challenge England's naval position, and thus her very existence.

Prince Bülow, always amiability itself, made light of what I said. He tried to impress me with the absurdity of the idea of the German Fleet ever being able to cope with the British Navy, however much it might be enlarged. "I have had the chief officers of all our battleships assembled here in the next room" (to which he pointed), "and they one and all bore emphatic testimony to the unrivalled efficiency of the British Fleet and the hopelessness of any attempt on our part to compete with it on an equality."

I should not consider myself entitled to find fault with a German statesman if he really intended to bluff or deceive an English journalist—indeed, it would only be what the latter might expect in seeking confidential information from such a source. Thus I do not complain that in all these lulling assurances the items of submarines, mines or torpedoes never once cropped up in our conversations.

My personal connection with the Prince was supplemented by a desultory correspondence which spread over a number of years down to the outbreak of the present war. He was always most kind and generous in his recognition of my efforts

to correct erroneous statements regarding matters of fact about German affairs which now and then appeared in the London Press. One of the last attentions I received from him was an autographed presentation copy of his book, "Imperial Germany."

I also remained in close touch with the late Count Seckendorff, and he proved himself to be a valuable source of information regarding current topics in those memorable years. We met on several occasions at Prince Bülow's table or elsewhere, and the Count also maintained with me an interesting and intimate correspondence until the time of his death. The following two letters, which I have selected from among many others, may tend to throw a little light on the atmospheric conditions prevailing in high quarters at that date. They also reveal, I think, the sympathetic human nature of the writer:

"1 Oberwallstrasse, Berlin,
"*February* 1*st*, 1908.

"Dear Mr. Sidney Whitman,—Your long and interesting letter to me of January 13th gave us all here much pleasure and much to think about [Anregung] and to deplore. I am afraid que le temps et l'âge ne changeront rien, even after the hard campaign . . . has had to go through. The product of what creates such an unpleasant effect is often [eine Bemäntelung von Verlegenheit und schlechtem Gewissen] a cloaking of embarrass-

ment and a bad conscience.[1] But . . . ought not to have such weaknesses. Alas! that is a matter of education—unfinished in this case. Therefore want of tact, which is the most deplorable of all evils.

"B.B. [the familiar abbreviation for Bernhard Bülow] is much obliged for your kind souvenir, and is doing his best at present, though I think there is much of a tight-rope dancer [Seiltänzer] performance; and it will be difficult to get well out of all trouble. I am afraid there is confidence missing in our dealings with the world at large, and we will have to work long to regain what was the strength of our position in olden days.

"The scandals here and the shameful way they were brought on and managed will always remain a stain on our whole nation.[1]

"But nevertheless we are enjoying life and amusing ourselves, and the King's [Edward] words and the most successful English exhibition of English old masters are doing a great deal. It was most kind of you to send me all those flattering cuttings. The exhibition is indeed very fine and a great compliment to our Emperor and to our nation. I maintain that our mutual relationship [Verhältniss] can only be well based on reciprocal respect and recognition [auf gegenseitiger Achtung und gegenseitiger Anerkennung]. The Berliners of all classes, though intensely uncultivated in art matters [kungstungebildet],

[1] References to the disgraceful Eulenburg trial.

are enjoying the Academy on the Pariser Platz, the centre of Berlin, very much.

"A pity you cannot run across and have a glance again at our doings, see B.B., and feel the pulse of the German nation [den Pulsschlag der Deutschen Nation anfühlen], you who know Germany so well. Changes all over the world are very rapid and things turn up in unforeseen manner. We all live in an automobile. Yet I trust you are well and picking up again in your widowed life, your children being a comfort and a blessing. Let me hear that this is the case, and let me tell you that the number of your friends here is not decreasing in 1908. Auf baldiges Wiedersehen.—Very sincerely yours,

"G. SECKENDORFF."

"1 OBERWALLSTRASSE, BERLIN,
"*October* 13*th*, 1908.

"DEAR MR. SIDNEY WHITMAN,—Having returned here, I am at last able to tell you with thanks that all you have so kindly sent duly reached me, and I need not say that I read them with great interest. If one could only talk about it all in a quiet way, like we did when we met at the well-known place where you spent so many weeks when at Berlin. I have been away for a long time—Bavaria, the Tyrolese hills, the Italian lakes —and have seen as yet little of my friends here. But in a few days all are to meet here for the Royal wedding.

"The events in the East struck us all like lightning, but I am sure no thunderstorm is to come out of it. I wonder whether these disturbances have taken you off to watch the doings on the spot, and whether there is any chance of seeing you here again? It would be charming to have a little talk again.

"What lovely autumn weather! Berlin feels like summer, and I wish it could remain like it for many months to come.

"Let me hear that you are well and active, and believe me, very sincerely yours,

"G. SECKENDORFF."

It was, perhaps, owing to these exceptional connections, together with a constant change of scene, that I came to look upon things in a detached frame of mind and fancied I detected certain "indicia" (to use a medical term) of abnormality in Berlin, portending impending change, if not catastrophe. Of such signs we read as premonitory of the great cataclysms of history, notably in the period immediately preceding the French Revolution, a subject which I used to discuss with Count Seckendorff, for his interest in European history was fully on a par with my own. The notorious Collier de Perles scandal, which did so much to prejudice Marie Antoinette, had found its counterpart in the revolting Kotze case, which had resulted in one of the parties being shot dead in a duel. For

the Emperor had annulled the verdict of the Court of Honour, the president of which was a brother of the late King of Roumania, and which had endeavoured to settle the matter according to the dictates of equity and common sense. This did not suit His Majesty, for he instituted a second Commission, which, under moral pressure, brought about a duel and resulted—at least, according to English and American law—in a clear case of murder. Then, again, the sinister figure of the Marquis de Sade had been duplicated in the person of "Philli" Eulenburg, in complicity with whom it was sought to include a member of the French Embassy in Berlin. One of the staff of the Embassy called at the Wilhelmstrasse to remonstrate against such a disgraceful imputation, and spoke his mind boldly to the official who received him. "Est ce que vous n'avez pas honte," he exclaimed. "Vous savez donc que nous avons dû faire surveiller votre . . . afin de le protéger contre les conséquences de ses penchants clandestines." ["Are you not ashamed of yourselves, knowing as you do that we had to instruct detectives in Paris specially to watch over and protect . . . against the consequences of his clandestine proclivities."]

But there was an even more significant parallel with the past to be noted in a feature which strikes many a schoolboy, in his reading of history, with surprise. People living in any period marked by national decadence have apparently remained

unconscious of the abnormality of their condition, despite the efforts of satirists. So also here. Nobody seemed to be aware that there was anything particularly amiss—or, if they were, it was but for a moment, and the flash of realisation had completely faded on the morrow. The statistics of crime of this period are terrible enough, but the observer was more struck by the absence of any appreciation of what these portended and by that confusion of thought as to conduct, right and wrong, which suggests the normal mind under an anæsthetic. Strange to say, this hypnotic influence seemed to affect some foreign journalists in Berlin almost as much as the native exponents of public opinion, fully absorbed as they were in sun-worship—the idolatry of the brazen image.

Count Seckendorff told me a few startling facts, besides confirming authoritatively an almost incredible story of debauchery in high places which I could scarcely credit when I had heard it earlier from various sources. The moral situation here revealed recalled one of the blackest pages in Johannes Scherr's sensational "Deutsche Cultur-Geschichte." Seckendorff was disgusted with the vulgar worship of money in quarters where, in days of old, wealth had scarcely exercised any influence at all. He related one day, and laughed heartily in the telling, that he had recently dined at the house of one of the wealthiest Jew upstarts of the capital, and he could assure me that, socially speaking: "I, Count Seckendorff—comme vous

me voyez—was by far the most insignificant personage among the invited guests. The others were ever so much higher in rank, being either dukes or princes." It was to this very family of parvenus that a recent German writer referred in extolling the Crown Prince for his intimacy with them. Whilst the Emperor was patting sundry Hebrew manipulators on the back, and they were held up as his political confidants and advisers, a most virulent form of Anti-Semitism was indulged in by the high ladies of the Imperial Court. They were indignant at the favouritism shown to the Chosen People, and extravagant in their hatred and denunciation of the long-suffering Jewish race.

I had ample opportunities, however, for probing deeper the excited conditions of the German mind. I used to look in at the booksellers' shops, where, as a political writer, I always met with a cordial welcome even without making a purchase. Now and then I gleaned much instructive information in casual conversation, for the Germans are great readers, and of late years have become most voracious consumers of books and pamphlets of a political character. Productions which would only obtain a hearing in this country from orators in Hyde Park, there have circulated in their fifty and hundred thousands. One hundred thousand copies of Houston Chamberlain's "Foundations of the Nineteenth Century," I was told, had been sold at 20 marks

each. The Emperor himself acted as gratuitous distributor. It was nothing unusual for a novel of so-called patriotic tendency to sell 20,000 to 50,000 copies. A generation of scribblers had grown up, among whom were a number of renegade Russians who exceeded all limits of good taste in their vilification of England and Russia and their Byzantine glorification of the Emperor. Notice on the part of the Emperor or the Crown Prince of such productions had come to be worth the sale of thousands of copies. And this does not take into account the enormous output of erotic literature which, drawing its inspiration from abroad as usual, out-Heroded Zola and Guy de Maupassant in their most prurient characteristics.

The Hotel Continental was another centre for instructive observation as to the trend of things. Here, as well as at the Hotel Bristol, were the headquarters of the elements taking part in the endless Court festivities which have made Berlin, under William II., the most attractive capital on the Continent for a certain class of cosmopolitans. On the other hand, it had become distasteful to some of the plain living, old noble families. They used to come from the provinces to Berlin every New Year to pay their personal respects to their King, but now they avoid the capital. German Sovereign Princes did not disdain to take up their abode for the season in the Hotel Continental, on which occasions a sentry-box would be placed at the door, with a soldier on

guard the whole time. One winter Duke Günther of Schleswig-Holstein, brother of the German Empress and brother-in-law of the All-Highest, stayed there with his wife, suite and servants, as officially entered in the visitors' list. And it is with regard to them that an incident seems worth mentioning, if only to place on record that there were still men in Berlin in a dependent position who, in striking contrast to the servility in high places, refused to be bullied or even to take orders from such exalted personages. One day the Duke came to the manager of the hotel in a state of great excitement and complained in violent terms of the conduct of one of the boy attendants of the telephone. "I want you to wash his head well for him," His Highness ejaculated. The manager, who had already been informed that the Duke and Duchess, as well as their suite and servants, were all day long on the telephone, to the inconvenience and annoyance of the other guests, replied that he was sorry to receive a complaint against an employé of the hotel, but he would look into the matter. The boy's blameless conduct having been established, the manager refused point-blank to reprimand him, and the Duke, the Duchess, suite and servants cleared out shortly afterwards.

"Commands" to attend Court functions of various kinds were almost daily delivered at the hotel, and some queer sights were vouchsafed to the guests, who saw the motley crowd of the

"commanded" of both sexes waiting in the hall —like actors in the "flies" of a theatre ready to go on the stage—for the motor-car to take them to the Palace of Delight. Of all the incongruous figures among those whom Artemus Ward might well have designated as being in the "Show Business" was a wizened old gentleman dressed up in a fantastic Court costume reminiscent of the period of Louis XIV. With emaciated calves encased in white silk escarpins and patent leather shoes, he was to be seen tripping lightly to and fro in hilarious conversation with a couple of antiquated duennas. It was no less a personage than His Excellency Grand Admiral von Köster, Commander-in-Chief of the much-vaunted Imperial High Sea Fleet—the guiding spirit of the German Flotten-Verein—the very man whom William had cunningly dispatched to the Fulton Centenary to take precedence of the British naval commander, an intention fortunately frustrated. Here was a great man, a sailor indeed disguised beyond recognition; the hero of untold beer carouses (Beer Abende), the perpetrator of innumerable patriotic "Hurrah!" speeches—the very embodiment of Imperial swelled-head world ambitions. Bacchus and even the Beer God Gambrinus have been immortalised in verse and song, but the inspired poet has yet to arise to do justice to the important part which Alcohol in all its spirituous forms has played in this pandemonium of patriotic revelry.

The theatre as keystone of this gigantic tragi-

comedy has not as yet received its due at the hands of an idol-worshipping Press. Particularly is this the case with regard to a very important personage, one who, though rarely seen, has long been the deputy moving spirit, the *régisseur*, the general manager of the Greatest Show on Earth. It is not quite fair that Max Reinhardt and other successful theatrical self-advertisers should reap all the fame and publicity of a profession which has come to be the high road to honours hitherto exclusively reserved for statesmen, soldiers and scientists. Now that Barnum is no more, Count Hülsen Haeseler is undoubtedly the greatest man in the world in the Show Business. The enumeration of his many functions as General Intendant of the Royal Theatres of Berlin, Wiesbaden, Cassel and Hanover; as General Intendant of the Royal Court music; as Court Chamberlain of his Imperial and Royal Majesty; as Major in the Army (the list of his honours, his decorations, his orders, crosses and stars set in brilliants takes up forty closely printed lines in the German "Who's Who"), constitutes a stupendous array of monarchical recognition and distinctions. And yet it is only commensurate with the extent of his far-reaching influence and power, for they include the sitting in judgment as final arbiter on the productions of every musical and dramatic writer in the kingdom of Prussia.

As in the case of most great men, Georg von Hülsen came from small beginnings. He started

life, like Napoleon, as a simple impecunious lieutenant; he has lived to receive the identical reward from his Sovereign which the latter's grandfather deemed adequate in the case of Bismarck for laying the foundation of the German Empire: the title of Count.

A many-sided, versatile personage of most insinuating manners—as I can testify from personal experience—Count Hülsen Haeseler is said to be a master of intrigue. But, whether this be so or not, there can be little doubt that as the stage-manager of "Sardanapalus" he looms large and deserves to live in the annals of Imperial theatricality!

It is only a short step from the theatre to the waxworks in the Imperial Arcade, Unter den Linden. One of its most alluring features was a reproduction of a well-known picture in the National Gallery of the Prussian capital: "Die Jagd nach dem Glück," by Henneberg, the very fact of its reproduction speaking volumes as to the application of the subject to latter-day conditions in the German Empire. The picture shows a knight on horseback galloping across a frail, narrow wooden bridge in pursuit of a beautiful female figure poised in mid-air over a golden ball. She bears the crown of fortune in her outstretched right hand, while a shower of golden coins falls from her left. Her head is turned seductively toward the knight, who, with eagerly extended body, is endeavouring to reach her, whilst his legitimate

bride is portrayed lying unconscious on the ground, to be ridden over in the next moment and crushed by his horse's hoofs. But a tragic fate awaits the reckless rider, for Death, wrapped in a black, flowing mantle, is riding close by his side, and has almost laid hold of him already. In another instant the knight will be precipitated into the yawning abyss below. The dim outline of an old castle visible in the background denotes the erstwhile knight's former residence before he undertook his fatal death-ride.

It will be remembered that in November, 1908, the *Daily Telegraph* published an interview with the Emperor which was the sensation of more than a day. Indeed, it took rank as a topic of international interest with the marvellous exploit of the famous cobbler of Köpenick, which caused the whole world to burst into ironic laughter. The *Daily Telegraph* interview made such a stir that it completely overshadowed an even more startling bit of Imperial make-believe: the almost simultaneous interview with His Majesty in the American monthly magazine, *The Century*. Copies of this American interview are still extant, although the whole edition was said to have been bought up by the German Government and destroyed. Read in the light of later events, both these incidents may be considered as among the premonitions of the world catastrophe through which we are now passing.

The authorship of the *Daily Telegraph* inter-

view was ascribed to a number of persons, and among others to the writer of these pages. It was scarcely a compliment to anyone's intelligence to be deemed capable of having fathered such a potpourri of contradictions, but there it was. Journalists called at my house, telegraphed to me in the middle of the night asking whether I was responsible, or whether I could at least indicate the author of the mischief. The only answer I could give was that I knew nothing whatever about the ridiculous business and that it did not interest me. Indeed, I remain to this very day in complete ignorance as to who was responsible for the *Daily Telegraph* interview, although I have heard many guesses on the subject. I was innocent, and am still ignorant, of its true authorship. But a significant rumour was brought to my knowledge some time afterwards which, if based on truth—and the source from which it came should entitle it to some credence—would tend to show that something I had written was not wholly unconnected with the publication of the *Daily Telegraph* interview. The matter, as explained to me, was as follows:

The momentous "conversation" I had with Prince Bülow in the preceding month of August at Norderney, which appeared *in extenso* in the *Standard* (September 14th, 1908), was said to have been telegraphed by Wolff's Bureau to over a thousand German newspapers. The subject-matter contained a passage in which I cited a remark of

Bismarck's which might fairly have been taken to reflect on the German Emperor as a peace-endangering influence. This passage, I was informed, had attracted the notice of His Majesty, and his irritation having been fanned by his entourage, he had taken a determination to issue an effectual counterblast, which the *Daily Telegraph* interview was intended to supply. I am not called upon to decide whether this is so or not, but if such be indeed the real facts of the case, I fear I must plead guilty to having been indirectly instrumental in contributing to a signal discomfiture of the most dangerous foe England has faced since Napoleon. Indeed, I cannot conclude this chapter more fittingly than by reproducing Bismarck's exact words in connection with this matter. As a key to one of the causes which have led up to the war, it would bear constant repetition for some time to come; for the infection has spread to our shores, and smashing the idol by no means eliminates the idolaters.

"Only no cock of the walk business" (Bismarck used this term in English). "Europe as an entity would resent a situation as derogatory, if not intolerable, in which it might come to pass that an individual arrogated to himself the attribute of being supreme arbiter of war and peace, the latter to depend upon his benevolent intentions periodically vouchsafed to the world as a free gift to be received in an attitude of grateful humility."

CHAPTER XV

W. T. STEAD

THE Press is so often accused of breeding discord that my journalistic recollections would be incomplete without an appreciative reference to one whose life's work was devoted towards furthering peace and goodwill, freedom and justice among men, even when his championship of the latter exposed him to vilification and slander.

My recollection of Mr. Stead takes me back nearly thirty years, when I was wont to attend Madame Olga Novikoff's "At Homes." She would speak in glowing terms of her good friend, Stead—who, together with Mr. Gladstone, supported her efforts to bring about the better understanding between England and Russia which has now become a potent reality. Others were less favourably disposed towards "that good man Stead" in those days. His agitation in the *Pall Mall Gazette* over "The Maiden Tribute of Modern Babylon" had caused much public discussion. It led to his detention in Holloway Prison, thus enabling him to get a foretaste of what martyrs may expect:

"Truth for ever on the scaffold,
Wrong for ever on the throne."

A Prophet of Federation

Many people expressed their "doots" about Mr. Stead's judgment. They saw in him nothing more than a notoriety-hunting journalist, anxious for his daily sensation. He was a rabid Nonconformist, they said, a crank whose head had been turned by success. To-day there would be few of this body of critics who would care to recall their earlier estimates of a man whose calm and self-sacrifice in the hour of death have hallowed his memory in the eyes of his countrymen.

William Stead was of a truth a thinker and reformer who found in journalism a unique pulpit enabling him to stamp his personality on his time. Few men in any walk of life have seen so many of their aims come to fruition in their own lives. Mr. Stead was among the first and most effective agitators for an enlargement of the British Navy. The first of the great naval programmes which built up our supremacy on the sea owed more to his advocacy than to that of any other man, and his burning conviction that our Navy was our all in all never left him, even in the times when he was the most earnest, if also the most flamboyant, advocate of peace between the nations.

He also preached the federation of the British Empire to a world not free of the notion that Colonies were a rather troublesome possession. The outcome of his work in this direction is to be read in the way in which the Colonies have rushed to the aid of the Mother Country. Only few realised in this country that he was a force more

potent than diplomats and statesmen in influencing the good relations between Great Britain and the United States. A prolific contributor to American journals, he exercised a direct sway through the American edition of the *Review of Reviews*, which enjoyed in the States a popularity and authority even greater than that of the parent magazine.

Inevitably William Stead encountered opposition and detraction. The majority, which never has and never will see things, is always against the seer who can peep into the future. As has been said by a great thinker: "Wise men of all times have said the same thing, and fools, that is to say the vast majority, have always done the same thing —namely, the exact opposite. And thus it is likely to remain."

In Mr. Stead's case, as in that of so many other remarkable men, it may be truthfully said that mediocrity is ever the persistent depreciator of the "first-rater." It is as if a sure instinct—animal-like in its unerring keenness—impelled the time-serving commonplacer to scent a dangerous rival in the first-class man. And it is by the aid of such detractors, rather than by the incense of his panegyrists, that we are often able to get at his inner spiritual value. We need the green hue of envy, the black venom of the detractor, as a background to light up the countenance of strong men.

Of the journalist, as of the actor, it may con-

fidently be said that posterity rarely weaves wreaths in his honour. But I make bold to say that nobody who knew Mr. Stead would willingly let his memory fade. It would be obviously impossible to obliterate the good work he did in his life; we need only remember the stupendous energy, the immense output of the man, the number of subjects he made his own and upon which he left his mark—every one of them fraught with some deep human interest or high national aim—in order to feel that, take him all in all, we shall not easily look upon his like again.

I came into personal touch with Mr. Stead shortly after joining the *Herald*, and the last time I enjoyed the privilege of being in his company was one Sunday evening at his house in Smith Square, shortly before he started on his ill-fated journey on the *Titanic*. Several American journalists were among the invited, besides a member of the Young Turkish Parliament and sundry other personages of both sexes interested in one or other of Mr. Stead's pet schemes for social improvement. A friendly discussion on Eastern affairs took place, over which Mr. Stead presided with his genial good humour; altogether a most pleasing gathering. "I hope to see you all here again on my return from the United States," were his parting words. Alas! a wish never to be realised.

Among the many proofs, if such were needed, of Mr. Stead's genuine fibre was his sense of

humour. Not every sincere man possesses this priceless gift of the gods, but genuine humour almost precludes insincerity, for its basis is an honest estimate of things and of one's own self. Humour thus confers immunity from "swelled head." It was in connection with this danger—against which the journalist has ever to be on his guard—that Mr. Stead told me the following anecdote about Lord Northcliffe.

"You must, please, not believe that success has turned my head, or that I fancy myself a genius," said his lordship one day to Mr. Stead. "I believe, however, that I possess one little gift which suffices to account for all I have accomplished. This is that when I am in a railway carriage and look at my fellow travellers I feel I can instinctively tell what they want, and somehow I know how to supply them with it."

Mr. Stead believed Lord Northcliffe to be sincere when he spoke thus, but was of opinion that in making this statement he overlooked his own phenomenal ability—let us say his genius—as a newspaper organiser. But, whether Lord Northcliffe was serious or joking, there can be no doubt that this trifling incident does in truth go a long way towards explaining the extraordinary success of the greatest journalistic provider of our time; whilst at the same time it illustrates the difference between Mr. Stead, whose journalism was propagandism at white heat, and the man who gives the public what he believes the public want.

In Constantinople 1911
William T. Stead

Bieberstein and the British Press

During the last International Conference at The Hague I met Mr. Stead one morning at Temple Station looking very glum. He had just returned from Holland, and was much perturbed by the trend of affairs at the Conference, where he said the English were being outclassed and put in the shade by the Germans. The British senior delegate had received the English journalists "in corpore" and snubbed them. Some of them, as Mr. Stead said, thought "no small beer" of themselves, and were considerably huffed in consequence. On leaving Sir Edward Fry's presence they gave loud expression to their ill-humour; whereupon they were approached by a German journalist, who asked them why they did not call on the first German delegate, who, he felt sure, would be only too pleased to see them. The idea of being received by a full-blown Ambassador, after a snub from one who, in comparison, was "small fry" indeed, appealed to the knights of the pen, so they lost no time in taking the hint to call on Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, who had come from Constantinople expressly to represent German interests at The Hague Conference. The result of their cordial reception and the dexterous treatment they experienced at his hands, flattering them to the top of their bent, led, as is well known, to a tremendous newspaper boom for the German delegate. In the course of his narrative, told in Mr. Stead's inimitable way, he forgot all about his patriotic misgivings and laughed heartily

over the German diplomat's success in playing upon human vanity.

The folly of man as a worshipper of brute force roused Stead's sense of incongruity and provoked his mirth. Walking down the Strand one day, he told me that when he was in Chicago he inspected the great slaughterhouses in that city. Oxen possess a very keen sense of blood, and when driven to the slaughterhouse they are apt to become restive and try to get away. Specially trained oxen are made to lead the herd down the incline which leads to the shambles, and suddenly to turn off at a gate and slip aside, whereas the others are pushed on to their doom. The decoy animal is known as the "Judas ox." Mr. Stead dilated on this cunning dodge, and compared the Judas ox with the modern war-lords, who are extremely careful of their own skins while their subjects are pushed to the shambles. He thought wars might be brought to an end when nations arrange to put their bellicose war-lords into an arena and let them carry their own skins to market and fight out their quarrels, while their subjects look on at the spectacle as at any other variety show in the cities.

Mr. Stead's grim parallel has proved to be a prophetic forecast of things to come, for there has never been a war in which so few of the Judas oxen have lost their lives as in the present conflict, or one which has been such safe sport to the top crust that provoked it, and of such an awful

character for the ruck—the cannon fodder dragged to the shambles. This was very different in other days. At the battle of Jena both the Prussian Commander-in-Chief, the Duke of Brunswick, and Prince Louis Ferdinand of Hohenzollern lost their lives; and in 1866 Prince Anton of Hohenzollern, a brother of the King of Roumania, was killed at Sadowa.

There was something compelling and commanding about the very appearance of William Stead, in spite of his indifference to the paraphernalia of clothes, something leonine in that countenance that revealed dauntless courage. In the mesmeric lustre of his wonderful blue eyes there gleamed a reminder of the Northern Viking, the Scandinavian stock which is so largely represented in that particular part of England whence he came. His descent gave him that touch of the visionary, of the dreamer, which was always present with him, even when he was most practical. Yes, Mr. Stead was a dreamer, but a dreamer of those dreams which have a knack of coming true.

"Oh, I do wish I could help that poor young man!" he exclaimed to a friend in Moscow in 1905, referring to the predicament of the Tsar in the face of revolution. The presumption of a hard-working journalist wishing he could help an Emperor! Surely the man was dreaming! Yet the dream has come true in our time, for the Tsar has found salvation in the devotion of his

people, and his star is in the ascendant. Mr. Stead was only true to himself when he pitied a monarch who was afraid to walk abroad in his capital.

He was, perhaps, dreaming again when he pinned his faith to spirits. The tender-hearted father assured me that he was in constant communication with his dead son, and who can be sure that such a dream may not come true?

Yes, a dreamer in the same sense as Giordano Bruno, Savonarola, Peter of Amiens and a few others. This is to say that Mr. Stead was one of a type which, when they attempt to enlighten us to-day, are likely to find their way to the Thames Embankment for a night's lodging, if not to a police court under the Vagrancy Act. In this sense Mr. Stead could fairly be classed among the greatest failures of our time, and if he did not share their predestined fate it was owing to a certain knack of turning out journalistic "copy," the doing of which enabled him to earn a modest livelihood for self and family. For our public service schedules have little appreciation for dreamers of this type. They do not even come within the scope of the beggarly Civil List pension fund for broken-down literary men. Visionaries do not appeal to the self-seeking instincts of men who award huge pensions to successful lawyers and politicians.

Ample are the testimonies to Mr. Stead's inflexible adherence to the aims to which he had

once committed himself, and among these none are, perhaps, so striking and convincing as those revealed by his relations with Cecil Rhodes, who was his very opposite in almost every way. But the Empire Builder was capable of recognising human worth in one so different from himself. Thus the great realist was attracted towards Stead, the visionary, and appointed him to be one of the executors of his will as co-administrator of his colossal fortune, a nomination which carried with it a handsome annuity, meaning independence for the recipient and his family. That Cecil Rhodes annulled the appointment before his death affords us additional proof of Mr. Stead's integrity. No consideration of self could stop him from opposing the political action of Mr. Rhodes in South Africa.

Women were instinctively attracted towards Mr. Stead because he was a dreamer—a dreamer of beautiful dreams for their future in which they should hold a fairer field, fulfil a nobler mission and be more fitted for its possibilities than many of our countrywomen are to-day. The sunless isolation in which so many Englishwomen of small means are doomed to pass their lives aroused his pity. He pleaded for evening social intercourse, for comradeship between the sexes, for better education, for the opening of the gates that women might play a larger part in the work of the world. If ever man sincerely believed in the salvation of a race by its women, that man

was Stead. The service he gave to this cause drew women to him, from the highest to the lowest. When a Russian Empress—Queen Alexandra's sister—came to London, she would ask Mr. Stead to come to Buckingham Palace just for a friendly chat: for high-class women often possess a keener sense of inner values than many a man, and prize the companionship of such beyond the trumpery glamour of worldly station. It comes as a relief to them from the dull monotony of insincerity by which they are surrounded.

His faith in woman has been highly justified, as has been justified his belief that Germany would make war and that Russia was sincere in her desire for peace. It is the women who have nurtured the men who have gone out to fight, the women who have taken up the tasks of peace laid down by the workers. Their soul is in the race, and it is to that soul, formed in manse and cottage, that we look for triumph. Where many other things that have been tried in this furnace have not stood the test—our intellectual leadership, our scientific knowledge, our national organisation—the qualities which have been infused into the race by its women have upheld the nation. Faith and veracity are the watchwords which we hold to, despite our romancing news agencies. Faith which bids us plant a standard of hope on the brink of the open grave—and behold a choir of angels gleaming through the rift of coffins rent asunder. This it is which endows us with the spirit to

challenge the great issue—"O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

It is meet to know that the man who was a foremost pioneer in this great fight has not gone under in oblivion, as so many have done. His memory is still green, for a year after his death a pious gathering, representative of the English-speaking race from London to the Pacific Ocean coast, came together in a spirit of brotherhood on the very spot where Mr. Stead met his death. They cast wreaths into the deep blue waters—wreaths sacred to his memory and that of the gallant fight he made for the betterment of man and woman; for he too was a fighter, a warrior, but it was as one in the great Army of the Future, warring against the Powers of Darkness, Disease, Drunkenness, and every other form of human suffering and degradation.

CHAPTER XVI

JAMES GORDON BENNETT

EVER since Norman Plantagenet times the English race has brought forth a type of man which, by strength of will, by masterful temperament combined with rare mental qualities, has achieved a moral ascendancy over and dominated other men. The United States has produced a large number of these super-men in her Presidents, her railway magnates, her steel and petroleum kings, and, not least, her great newspaper proprietors, who, with very few exceptions, have all been of English, Scottish or North Irish descent. Some of these strenuous personalities find, like Alexander of Macedon, their own country too narrow in opportunities to enable them to develop their full potentialities; they come to Europe. Those who are in search of social incense—the *dolce far niente* of aristocratic surroundings—choose England for their place of residence, their place of worship, the "only place fit for a gentleman to live in," as one of them has declared. Others give their preference to the Continent. It is this type of American Colossus which engages a German count to look after his horses, a German

countess to look after his children, and an Italian duke to act as his major-domo; or he may indulge his fancy for travel—take a liking to some outlandish place, ask the price of the lot, and buy it outright, lock, stock and barrel: the whole principality, with the *Mpret* thrown in—who is kept on the establishment as a sort of superior commissionaire. If our super-man possesses a taste for dominating the mind rather than the body of men, he will start a newspaper, and carry it on even at a loss, just for the fun of the thing, to amuse himself, and call it his "Baby." Such, in rough outline, is the case of Mr. James Gordon Bennett and the Paris *Herald*.

A born newspaper man, Mr. Bennett is possessed of an uncommon sense in estimating values of every kind. A Nasmyth hammer which smashes through the skull of a mammoth and taps a new-laid egg so gently as not to break the shell—he will make you a present of a year's salary in return for an opportune happy thought, or call a correspondent over the coals for putting an extra postage stamp on a letter. He has been known to spend a hundred pounds on a cable to gratify the wish of a lady guest on board his yacht in the China seas who was anxious to know whether a certain horse had won a race that day in Paris. The account for his telegrams dispatched privately, outside the regular routine of the *Herald*, is said to average between £2,000 and £3,000 a month. But Mr. Bennett's most remarkable characteristic

is his extraordinary scent for coming events. My opportunities for forming an opinion on the matter are limited to the last twenty years, but within that period I can bear witness to some striking instances of his prescience, in which he outdistanced all competitors. For instance, the *Herald* held for twenty-four hours the exclusive news of the Armenian attack on the Ottoman Bank in Constantinople in August, 1896; in the Græco-Turkish War the *Herald* was first at the Turkish head-quarters before the outbreak of the war; and in the Russo-Japanese War the *Herald* was the only great newspaper which foresaw that the Japanese would not allow any war correspondents at the front, and saved the expense of sending any; the *Herald* was the one important paper which had a special correspondent in Moscow at the moment of the revolution, in November, 1905; and, yet again, the *Herald* foresaw the outbreak of the first Balkan War, and had a special correspondent on the spot ahead of any other great newspaper.

Mr. Bennett's sagacity, his keen sense of proportion, have never shown themselves more conspicuously than during the present war. These qualities have been blended with an inimitable sense of humour. The war had hardly began when Mr. Bennett saw that the public were being largely fed on fiction supplied at great expense by military experts, news agencies and newspaper correspondents "dug in," embedded in certain

neutral Continental capitals. As came naturally to a strategist of the Napoleonic order, he seized the situation at a glance, and proceeded to supply an inexpensive but thoroughly reliable substitute. It took the form of maps showing the positions of the contending armies at the front, corrected day by day in accordance with the official communiqués, the only trustworthy source of information under the prevailing rigorous system of news censorship. The attention of readers was drawn to these maps, and their advantages were set forth in a series of editorials, the plausible humorous nature of which stamps them as a triumph of editorial skill and perspicacity, while their sly hits at the intelligence of the average reader ranks them as masterpieces of ironic journalism. Many of them are of such exceptional merit as to deserve to live beyond the ephemeral day of their appearance, and I therefore make no apology for reprinting two choice examples.

The following delicious bit, addressed "To Readers with Brains," is a gentle kick at the imbecility of those who are unable to profit by the maps provided by the *Herald:*

> "There are two kinds of readers of war news—the intellectually lazy, who are satisfied to guess at the position of places mentioned in the communiqués, and the intellectually active, to whom war news is exasperating without the means of informing themselves

in regard to the geography in question. It is for the latter that the *Herald* prints war maps. It doesn't try to do anything for the former. What they need is not maps but brains, and such it is beyond the power of even the omnipotent Press to supply."

But the palm must be awarded to the gem which apppeared in the Paris *Herald* of the 13th of June, 1916. It deals with a speech of the German Chancellor in the Reichstag, in which he pretended that the position of the German armies as shown by the map placed the ultimate victory of the Central Powers beyond all cavil and doubt. In this editorial the intelligent reader will not only notice the exposure of the fallacious reasoning of Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, but also the scarcely veiled indignation of the master-mind over intellectual larceny, the bungling attempt at stealing Jove's thunder as regards the priority of discovering the immense significance of maps. There is something of that Homeric defiance with which the old Greek heroes used to assail each other prior to single combat:

"*The Military Map in the Melting-Pot.*

"It seems to be Dr. Bethmann-Hollweg's fate to coin phrases that either discredit him or render him ridiculous. He ushered in the war with his repudiation of embarrassing treaties as worthless 'scraps of paper,' a

definition that will blacken his memory to the end of the human race. And a few days ago he put forward his mirth-provoking suggestion of a peace 'based on the map of the military situation.'

"The idea was a huge success as a farce. The Allies derided it and Neutrals scoffed at it. The American Press asked drily which map the poor Chancellor had in view—the map of Germany's colonies, which with one exception—and that one is at its last gasp—have been conquered by the Allies, or the map of the seas, on which no German vessel, whether warship or merchantman, dares to venture?

"The Russian offensive on the Pripet-Bukovina front is rapidly modifying the 'military map' that Dr. Bethmann-Hollweg certainly had in his mind's eye. The Austro-Germans are losing territory, and, what is far more decisive, are losing armies. In one week the Russians have captured 105,314 soldiers and 1,649 officers, the effective of five divisions. Their losses in killed and wounded are certainly quite as great. Thus, since June 4th, almost six Austro-German army corps have gone into the melting-pot with the territorial 'military map' so dear to Dr. Bethmann-Hollweg. For a second result of the headlong flight of the Austro-Germans—a 'concentration to the rear' is the delightful

official way of putting it—is that Russia has recovered Lutsk, Dubno and several hundred square miles of that famous 'military map.'"

Many a time since the beginning of the present war, with a brain racked by reading the news submerged in an ocean of fiction set before us by correspondents in Amsterdam, Geneva, Rome, Athens, Salonica and The Hague, I have turned to the editorials of the *Herald*, seeking relief in the inspiration of a master-mind.

It is this element of sanity which bids Mr. Bennett beware of the danger which dogs all human greatness, notably in those in position of giddy eminence and power—namely, "the swelled head," of which, operating on a whole nation, we are now witnessing the ghastly effects on a hundred battlefields. On one occasion Mr. Bennett cabled to New York ordering the discharge of a member of the staff. The manager replied asking him to reconsider the matter, as the employé in question was indispensable. "Discharge every indispensable man on the paper," was Mr. Bennett's reply; "I myself am not indispensable."

It cannot be a matter for surprise that such a man never allows his name to appear in his own paper, so that in all probability he is the least-known person in the world among the powerful man-hypnotisers of his time. Many have been the attempts made to lure him into enterprises,

to form companies and syndicates, and to extend his influence into other channels; but his sane Scots judgment has always been proof against temptations to which many others have succumbed. His whole thought, energy and endeavour are devoted to the legacy of his father; the *Herald*, first, foremost and all the time — a striking manifestation of character.

One day he received a letter from his banker when I was present informing him that a purchase which he had recently made of Suez Canal shares had already resulted in a profit of some hundred thousand francs. "I don't know what the man means," he said, turning to me. "I did not buy them to make a profit; I bought them for an investment."

"People think of me as a rich man," he once said to a friend, "but they do not know me if they fancy that it is the summit of my ambition to be rich. I would like to die at the very moment when I have spent my last dollar." Chamfort's axiom, "Le bonheur n'est pas chose aisée; difficile de le trouver en nous, impossible de le trouver ailleurs," is, I feel sure, one that Mr. Bennett believes in, notably with regard to the blessings of health; for one day at lunch he asked me whether I would like any more of the excellent coffee of which I had already copiously partaken. When I said "Yes," he added: "Do you know, I would give half my fortune if I could drink coffee as you do." I was present on one occasion

when he deplored his solitude, bemoaned his fate in being alone in the world, without a home of his own where kindly faces meet our gaze. "I have few friends, je n'ai pas un chez-soi," he complained—a void which, I am glad to know, has since been filled, for Mr. Bennett is now happily married.

Mr. Bennett is a great lover of animals, particularly of toy dogs, of which I believe he has a number always around him. Indeed, his partiality in this respect goes so far that occasionally a column of the paper is devoted to the description of shows of his canine pets, thus crowding out matter in which prominent persons would have been dealt with. I can even recall instances in which human beings are only mentioned in their qualifications as dog-fanciers, or members of dog clubs, or as being put in charge of dogs. Although I was authorised to interview royalties, diplomatists, politicians and others, the dealing with the canine and feline world was, as already set forth, removed from my sphere of activity. Whether this ordinance was connected with a cynical estimation of the human species it is not for me to say, though some cases have come under my observation in which a passionate love for horses and dogs has been found together with a very slender regard for their own fellow-creatures. Nor am I prepared to deny, in case this should apply to Mr. Bennett, that something might be urged in his favour. A Napoleon could

maintain at St. Helena that he had only treated mankind as it deserved. It cannot be said that the animal kingdom has ever disgraced itself by those vulgarities and vices which, in spite of our unlimited opportunities of moral elevation and social brotherhood, are, alas! to be found in every so-called civilised community. But here, as elsewhere, it is not my function to judge, but merely to set forth facts and phenomena as they have presented themselves to me in the course of my connection with them. But this I can vouch for from practical experience: that, provided you understand how to read between the lines of a newspaper—a very useful accomplishment—a regular perusal of the Paris *Herald* will be found a more trustworthy guide through the tragi-comedy of life—the thin pie-crust of bluff, bunkum and make-believe upon which our social world marionettes trip through their brief days on earth—than a whole library of books on philosophy.

Mr. Bennett's sympathies as regards European nations are generally supposed to be pre-eminently French, and there can be little doubt that his long residence in Paris has been the means of fostering partiality for French life and French modes of thought. But I am in a position to maintain that his feelings for England are no less sincere, though perhaps based on different grounds. They are probably less marked by a personal leaning than founded on respect, as I

have repeatedly gleaned in conversations with him.

On one occasion we were gliding along the Grand Canal in the steam pinnace of the *Namouna* when the conversation turned on sailors and naval officers—a subject very near his heart—and I drew his attention to the scientific training and efficiency of the officers of the German Navy. "Yes," he said, "that may be all very true, but the English naval officer is possessed of qualities which no scientific training can supply." Here again was shown his keen eye for character, which has been so brilliantly justified in the present war. This respect for the English sailor in a man of Mr. Bennett's saturnine temper is by no means a negligible matter; quite the contrary, it is a very real and reliable one, for it is steadfast, not swayed by the ups and downs of emotion. Love and its labour are easily lost, but respect rarely, unless it has been wilfully forfeited. What makes Mr. Bennett's feeling toward England of a quite exceptional nature is its freedom from that rank, wealth and title worship which disfigures so much American Anglomania and exposes its votaries to the ridicule of many sterling, but stanchly republican, American elements. Mr. Bennett has none of this. I have been present when his remarks on this subject have been as frank as they were worthy of respect. What Mr. Bennett likes in Englishmen is the droiture, the uprightness, the loyalty, the chivalry; and, where

these are lacking, no rank, not even that of Royalty itself, has any hold on him.

I was present on one occasion when he received a letter from the Secretary of the Prince of Wales inquiring whether Mr. Bennett would let the steam pinnace of his yacht to the Prince, who was staying on the Riviera. Mr. Bennett turned to me and said: "Now, what am I to do? I absolutely refuse to accept payment for such a thing, and if I let him have it for nothing people will say I am a snob."

Mr. Bennett's ideal of the Englishman, as I gathered from his own lips, was the late Lord Salisbury: the blunt but clear-brained farmer, with a bent toward statesmanship, honourable, a strong, sterling character—in other words, everything—for without character a man is—nothing! "Character is centrality, the impossibility of being displaced or overset," according to Emerson. The German Press has long looked upon Gordon Bennett as an enemy, and since the beginning of this war insidious attempts have been made by the hyphenated Americans to intimidate him by threats. The attempt to intimidate a man who is constitutionally beyond fear was bound to fail. Thus his answer to a threat that they would withdraw their advertisements from the *Herald* only met with the intimation to the paper: "Take them all out" (the advertisements); "let them go to —— and be ——." To attempt such manœuvres with a man

like Bennett was not only vain and vile, but absurd and senseless.

Mr. Bennett was by no means anti-German in other days. He was a warm admirer of Bismarck, whom he visited at Friedrichsruh. Even afterwards, on several occasions when he deemed that there was something to be said in favour of Germany's attitude, he always gave Germany fair play in the *Herald*, as I am able to vouch; witness the Spanish-American War, and even the Algeciras Conference, on both of which occasions I was his special correspondent in Berlin. It was only when the hidden but real nature of Germany's aims and deceits was laid bare that Mr. Bennett unhesitatingly threw his whole influence on the side of the Allies. It was once again a matter of character—uncompromising, adamantine. And here I may mention from personal knowledge the many attempts which have been made by "august persons" to "get round" one who has always refused to be circumvented. Poor Abdul Hamid was at his wits' end how to show his appreciation of the friendly attitude of the *Herald*. He sent Mr. Bennett a gold cigarette case studded with brilliants for his acceptance, an offering such as is usually only exchanged between the "Lord's Anointed." It was returned with thanks.

Those who have enjoyed opportunities of meeting Mr. Bennett in private life assure me that he is imbued with great personal distinction,

that in his whole manner there is something which stamps him as one of the few *grand seigneurs* left in a vulgar age. My own experiences incline me to endorse this view. Although he has for years been aware of the pathological case of "swelled head" in Potsdam, until the outbreak of the war he always refrained from dealing with it in a personal and critical sense. A certain instinct of chivalry and dignity restrained him from attacking when he felt that the attacked party was not in a position to defend himself. I have repeatedly crossed swords with the "strong man," and I can only say that my encounters have left me with a feeling that I had to do with a rough customer, but with one who respects his opponent as a gentleman, and thus proclaims himself to be one. The following letter was the last occasion of the kind. It explains itself and at the same time throws an interesting light, I think, on the fearless fair-mindedness of the *Herald:*

"PARIS, *Jan.* 3, 1911.

"DEAR MR. WHITMAN,—The letter[1] on cholera to which you have called my attention

[1] This letter dealt with an incident in the cholera visitation in London in 1848 or 1849, which led directly to the discovery of drinking-water as a carrier of the disease. An inhabitant of Golden Square, near Regent Street, had gone to live in the north of London, at Highgate, but was so accustomed to the sweet-tasting drinking-water supplied by the street pumps in those days that he had a supply regularly fetched every day. He was the only inhabitant of Highgate who died of cholera.

has certainly been lost. I have made inquiries everywhere, but no trace of it can be found.

"I must confess considerable astonishment at your supposition that 'the letter might have been suppressed because it criticised an editorial which might have been written by a member of the staff who did not wish me to know of his work being found fault with.'

"You have been connected with the *Herald* so long that this supposition came as a great surprise. Far from seeking to avoid publication of communications such as your letter, one of the first principles followed by the *Herald* is, on the contrary, to print everything which it may receive from readers criticising its policy, its articles, or its dispatches. Consequently, had your letter been received, you may rest assured that it would have been duly printed.—Yours truly,

"J. G. Bennett.

"P.S.—I thought you knew by this time that 'my editors' don't write editorials off their own bat."

There is nothing new in the contention that a keen sense of humour is a notable adjunct of a strong character, particularly in those of English-speaking races. Of this Mr. Bennett is a striking example. The English Parliamentary elections of 1910 were about to begin when I received a message from him asking me whether I would

undertake to send a daily cable to New York reporting their progress; if so, I was to send my reply to Shepheard's Hotel, Cairo. I cabled: "Your will be done.—Whitman." In the course of post my message was returned to me in an envelope with the following words added in blue pencil in Mr. Bennett's characteristic handwriting: "On earth as it is in heaven.—Bennett."

Many other interesting experiences occur to my mind, some of them fraught with delicious humour, but if I conclude with the following anecdote it is because I venture to think that it throws a sympathetic human light on this great newspaper autocrat.

During the visit which I paid to Mr. Bennett on his yacht at Venice in September, 1897, one day he casually asked me my opinion of a member of the London staff of the paper. The individual referred to—rather a happy-go-lucky, intrusive kind of person—was not particularly sympathetic to me, and I thoughtlessly blurted out that he had asked me to have a drink with him at a Fleet Street tavern, an invitation which had not appealed to me, and I thought no more about it. On my return to London I was informed at the *Herald* office that the man in question had been suddenly dismissed from the *Herald* and was stranded in London penniless. This weighed upon my mind, and I wrote at once to Mr. Bennett telling him that it was a source of worry to me to think that anything I might have said could have had

the slightest influence in swaying his sovereign judgment, that I feared my somewhat ill-natured remark on what was after all a venial affair might possibly have been one of the last straws that had weighed in his decision. Much to my relief, a telegram came a few days afterwards reinstating the man who had been discharged.

CHAPTER XVII

CONCLUSION

It is related of the great Pope Innocent III. (1198-1216) that immediately after his election, when, according to custom, he came out of the Vatican on to the Square of St. Peter's to bless the assembled multitude, he was quite taken back by the immense gathering in front of him; for he had hitherto led the secluded life of a devout priest. Turning to a cardinal at his side, he exclaimed: "For goodness' sake, tell me, how do all these people manage to live?"

"Why, your Holiness," the cardinal replied, "they live, to be sure, by deceiving, by preying upon each other."

The journalist who has seen many lands should have had opportunities vouchsafed to few men for observing and making comparisons between the manifold conditions under which this struggle is still being carried on, not the least significant feature of which is the ingenuous, almost childlike subjectivity of man in his appreciation of its real nature. To the average, life is scarcely more than a momentary flitting past in front of a camera—succeeded by darkness and oblivion. My friend

Max Nordau used to tell a little story illustrative of this queer lack of the sense of proportion of things. A peasant strolling near a mountain torrent was appealed to by a fox struggling in the water: "Help! help!" it cried out, "the world is coming to an end!" "Thou art mistaken, my friend," the peasant replied; "I only see a little fox that is drowning."

Since the beginning of the present war I have often passed along Piccadilly of a morning and taken note of the long file of just-enlisted men, drawn from all ranks and conditions of life and still in civilian dress, as they marched through the Park and trooped silently into the courtyard of Devonshire House. There was something intensely impressive in their earnest, artless bearing as they passed by in answer to the call of their country. Many of them were only too likely to be "voués à la mort." Not a hat, however, was lifted or a cheer raised, yet a lump would rise in the throat and eyes moisten at the sight. Surely there must be a divine element in the nature of man which impels him to volunteer such service! May it only lead to a broader, a deeper, a happier and a worthier future, one tiny feature of which I would fain illustrate by an incident drawn from my reading of the Paris *Herald*.

During the Italian expedition in Tripoli a section of the Paris Press was very bitter in its attacks on Italy. An American gentleman wrote a letter to the *Herald* in which he expressed his

displeasure at this attitude, and summed up his remarks in the following words: "I have lived in Italy for many years. As a rich man I went among them; in the course of my stay, unhappily, I lost my entire fortune—I became absolutely impecunious; but I did not lose a single one of my Italian friends." May such an experience be also characteristic of my native country in the brighter future which we all must earnestly hope for.

But, in order to be worthy of it, our life must gain in depth and sincerity. We must come to appreciate things, and above all our fellow men, more clearly by what they are than by what they appear to be in their outward condition of rank and position. In other words, we must revise some of our estimates of "reputed" values—those which handicap us in various directions. We must emancipate ourselves from the insidious influence of the great Make-Believe which still meets us at every turn of life.

If we succeed in this endeavour, the present war, which has already proved a scourge to the living, may yet become a blessing for the unborn, for the future of the nation. Should this consummation be vouchsafed to our children, they may live to enjoy conditions foreshadowed by one of the greatest of their race:

"We then return
To claim our just inheritance of old,
Surer to prosper than prosperity
Could have assured us."

—Milton.

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